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UTOPIAN PAPERS



SIR THOMAS MORE.

(After Holbein.)

UTOPIAN PAPERS

BEING ADDRESSES TO "THE UTOPIANS"

BY

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EDITED BY

DOROTHEA HOLLINS

AUTHOR OF "THE SEVEN WAYFARERS," "THE HERBS OF MEDEA," ETC

"Serve God and be merry"

(Motto of "The Utopians")



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PREFACE

IN the early morning, when dreams and visions throng into the mind, a small Commonwealth of Art, Learning, and Friendship, realisable in a London flat, and having as its material basis a fairly representative library, some good pictures, and a sympathetic group of literary and musical friends, took form in the mind of the writer as a possible step towards a solution of the problem of the inequality of possessions—a problem so inadequately solved by “organised philanthropy.”

Later on, by that Chance which should rather be named one of the three Spinning Sisters, the London flat proved to be situated on the same piece of earth whereon the feet of our great English Dreamer used to stray—the wise, witty, tender Sir Thomas More—and its windows to look on the same great river with its endless symbolism of crowded bridge and gliding craft upon which his keen, meditative eye had often rested while wandering with his beloved daughter Meg or Erasmus in his Chelsea garden, or dreaming of Utopia in his book-lined gallery, or seeing, in trances of the spirit, the Heavenly Utopia in the dim chance of Old Chelsea Church.

Preface

And so the vision of early morning found itself growing into the clearer light of noonday shed by the luminous countenance of him whose "pleasant house at Chelsea" was the chosen home of Art, Learning, and Friendship. And the small band of those who wished to share in these benefits, yet, by the benumbing isolation of social conditions in our modern Crapulia¹ (as we might too well name London) found them too often excluded from their busy lives, grew naturally into an informal society, meeting at frequent and stated intervals, and called, by an almost inevitable sequence of thought, "The Utopians."

For four years past, the autumn, winter, and spring evenings have seen this small band of disciples chatting round the fire, conning Philosophy, Poetry, Art, or Fiction round a table presided over by the kindly, humorous countenance of their tutelary genius, so well limned for us by Master Holbein, or gathered round a piano where what was perhaps Sir Thomas's favourite art was practised; and, at less frequent intervals—when flowers, candleshine, prisoned lightning, music, and additional guests lent an air of increased festivity to the scene—listening to the words of twentieth-century Dreamers, Utopists of keen brains and warm hearts to whom More would assuredly stretch a brotherly hand across the centuries.

To preserve some of these words among our own fellowship, and to spread them among those who are like-minded, is the justification of the present volume. The approaching re-erection of Crosby Hall in Chelsea,

¹ See "Mundus Alter et Idem," by Joseph Hall.

Preface

chiefly due to our friends at University Hall, has yet found the soil prepared for it by our existence as the nucleus of the lately-formed Chelsea Association, which seeks to extend Utopia to a civic and public sphere. If this volume can find a place in the library of Utopist literature which it is hoped to establish within the ancient building, it will, whatever other welcome it may find, be able to count at least on a ghostly greeting from the cheerful shade of him who may have penned some part of his fruitful and lasting Vision within those venerable walls.

May it also prove a link with the Future—with unborn generations of Utopians who may assemble within the stately Hall new-risen from temporary death ; Utopians by whose efforts Crapulia may be transformed into the City of the Sun, the sky once more bending clear and blue above our River, as in the days of the original Utopist, and the Sun of Brotherhood, of Justice, and of Love making clear weather in the soul of man !

DOROTHEA HOLLINS.

7, MORE'S GARDEN, CHELSEA,
1908.

NOTE

THE first lecture in this volume has appeared in the current number of the *Sociological Review*, although, as will be seen from its contents, it was originally an address delivered to "The Utopians."

The study of Goethe was, in the first instance, called "Wilhelm Meister," and was only partially read to the Utopians, but as the whole paper is interesting, it is included in its original form.¹

The papers which do not directly bear on Utopist themes may yet be held to be in accordance with the humanistic spirit of Sir Thomas More, to whom we may imagine that no department of human thought would come amiss.

The opening lines, "Sir Thomas More Redivivus,"

¹ Several of the lectures were given extempore, and in preparing them now for publication the lecturers have aimed at developing the substance without exactly preserving the form in which the address was delivered. This applies especially to the papers by Professor Geddes, Dr. Slaughter, Mr. Victor Branford, and Mr. S. H. Swinny.

Note

make no claim to poetical merit; they are included chiefly as a reminiscence of an evening which seemed to some Utopians the high-water mark of the Club's existence.

The portrait which acts as frontispiece jointly with that by Holbein, is added partly for the same reason, partly for its intrinsic worth as a type of a gentleman and scholar of the twentieth century.

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MR. W. B. KINGSFORD AS SIR THOMAS MORE.

(Photograph by Elliott & Fry.)

UTOPIAN PAPERS

SIR THOMAS MORE REDIVIVUS

7, MORE'S GARDEN, *November 2, 1907.*

Sir Thomas More appears and speaks :

SWEET friends, behold me here on earth once more !
Twice More, forsooth ! since for the second time
Your old Sir Thomas seeks this Chelsea clime.
At first, pardye ! I could not find the door,
So strange a dwelling seemed it unto me
Wherein I you, my leal Utopians, see.
My spirit-barge full gently to the shore
Did glide ; but where's my garden sloping down
To silver Thames, far from the clamorous town ?
Bright with fair marigolds and healing herbs
That Margaret tended, when from Grecian verbs
She stole a moment ; where her sisters played,
Waxed merry, and served God, the while they strayed
Hearkening to good Erasmus, my best friend,

Utopian Papers

Whose wit with wisdom link'd, in seemly guise,
Struck lights of morning from their glad young eyes ?
Where is my gallery, that served the end,
Of cloistered study, quiet thought ?—'tis here ?
Ah, friends ! what hideous uproar smote my ear,
As from the barge I stept ! A chariot vast,
Unwieldy, rushed like Pluto's fell car past !
Strange forms inside and out, scarce man-like, sure ;
My little ape that gambolled here were more
Pleasant a creature, God wot, than these small
Pale citizens, that scarce look men at all.
A filthy plant enclosed in their lips
Soiled God's pure air (I've heard 'twas Raleigh's deed ;
Not in Utopia did he find this weed !)
And ne'er a one took joy in merry quips
And cranks, as doth beseem an English wight,
But all in heavy silence sat within
That car that cleft the air with horrid din.
So when at last from out the murky night
I mounted, where a knave in raiment strange
Told me my trusty followers did range,
Full glad was I to stand within this small
And strangely-lit survival of my hall.—
But what is this ? My followers all are dames ?
I' faith, 'tis better so, if men like those
I marked erewhile, should serve the Tudor rose !
Fair ladies, by your leave ! I'd know your names !
(Stooping over Utopian album.)
'Pity my Meg's not by me ! She would make
A pretty speech in Latin for your sake
Who hold her father, e'en as she did, dear.

Sir Thomas More Redivivus

And yet she's oft among you, never fear !
She loves to pore o'er ancient tomes, and eke
That curious modern lore ye nimbly seek—
Your latter-day Utopias,—“ Simple Life ”—
And he, your jester Shaw, whose humour's rife
With bitter shafts, quite foreign to my taste,
Enchants my Meg ! Well, womenfolk aye haste
To what's fantastic, apish ! Even I,
In sober middle-age, loved fantasy,
And still, 'tis said, do dwellers here peruse
My trifling foolish book, whereon they muse
With solemn brows, and marvel if 'twere best
To view it as a prophecy, or jest.
A jest, forsooth ! compared to all I know
Of blissful in this universe—but no !
I'll not a second time set nuts to crack
For each aspiring Jill and puzzled Jack.
Let me but say (and then the theme I'll ban)
A rumour reached my ear, some learned man,
Full of strange lore and dreams of civic good,
(Is he not here ? I fain would grasp his hand
And hold sweet converse of my English land)
Some weighty cause, forsooth, of late hath shewed
Why *U* to *Eu* changed should be, to spell
That fabled isle I knew in dreams so well.
My love of pun and jest he even cites
To show Utopia's ousted of its rights
If not spelt *Eu*, the Best ! Why, gentle Sir,
I scarce should know my vision, I declare !
Utopia's “ nowhere ”—best or worse, as choose
Those folk who Dreams as Fact or Lie do use !

Utopian Papers

(He appears to listen to some one at his elbow.)

Utopia, is't, my Meg? Thy Greek is right ;
Nowhere—yet everywhere—'tis here to-night !
So, courteous ladies, though your kingdom's best,
Change not its name at any man's behest !
For who can say what's best? 'Tis nowhere yet ;
Warm hearts and brains no westering limit set
To that fair country ! Still it shines afar,
A dream-isle lighted by a dreaming star.
Well, well ! I talk apace ! but one thing yet
I'd have you mark. Sweet friends, do not forget
To bid me hither as your willing guest,
For nights of revelry I love the best !
My Meg shall join your studies, I, pardye !
Will con the book of fair humanity.
Many's the hour I've spent o'er wisdom's page
But now I fain would know this strange new age.
So bid me to your revels, not your lore,
To talk with men best fits Sir Thomas More.
With men? Fair ladies, pardon ! 'tis with *you*
I'd hold glad converse of Utopias new !
Your eyes see visions ! in your hearts unfold
Worlds beside which Atlantis shall wax cold !
To you I look ! Full gladly would I stay
To read within your glance the coming day ;
But now my barge awaits me by the shore,
Sweet friends, farewell ! and bid me here once more !

The Hon. Sec. steps forward :

Sir Thomas, stay ! So rare and high a guest
We yield not up to man's or ghost's behest.
Besides, we know you love that art which most

Sir Thomas More Redivivus

Of dreams Utopian can make its boast.

Stay then ! and hear sweet music ! Neighbours, say,
You'll join in praying him ? I knew it !

(*Utopians*) Stay !

*Old English Song, "The Oak and the Ash," here follows
unaccompanied, invisible, with chorus in which audience
joins.*

CHELSEA, PAST AND POSSIBLE

Introductory Note. Following upon the various papers on the "Survey of Cities" and on the "Study of Civics" which the writer has of recent years brought before the Sociological Society (*Sociol. Review*, January, 1908, and *Sociological Papers*, vols. i, ii, iii), the following transcript of an address to "the Utopians" of Chelsea may serve as a suggestion towards the interpretation of an individual borough, and especially of some of the ways in which our knowledge of and respect for local tradition may not only enhance our interest in the present, but assist our outlook towards the future. The historic retrospect, the utopian forecast, too often mutually exclusive, must thus be united ; for an evolutionary interpretation is not merely an enquiry into antecedents, but an endeavour to define the general course of events, to discern its elements of enduring inheritance, and of contemporary variation. Nor is this enlarged enquiry of purely scientific interest ; in the measure of its clearness, it affords indications towards action, and this especially as regards the selection and preservation, the continuance and culture of the vital and characteristic elements of our local heritage. In short, historic appreciation and utopian anticipation must be increasingly united to bring forth fruit in civic aspiration and endeavour.

The method of sociological enquiry indicated in the paper above referred to, that from Regional and Civic Surveys,

Chelsea, Past and Possible

thus leads us towards activities no less definite and localised. There is thus need of a Civic Museum for each city and town. In Chelsea, as in many other towns and cities, the permanent nucleus for this already exists as an historic collection, while temporary exhibitions, supplementary or initiative, may be easily organised anywhere. Records of the past, surveys of the present, projects and suggestions for the future, may thus for the first time be brought together. Public feeling and individual interest are thus aroused—the very deficiencies of this threefold collection being perhaps no less suggestive than its contents—and improvement becomes possible accordingly. Our ideas of our city, thus beginning with observations and records, generalise towards unity of view, towards common action also. For given such and such elements of the local heritage, especially those which have reappeared in generation after generation, given too such and such advantages of the local situation in our own day, practical possibilities appear, and from these the conception of a Civic Policy begins to arise.

In this way, in Chelsea, small local groups, like the Utopians, small beginnings, like that of University Hall of Residence, tend to become associated in endeavours of citizenship; such are the recent formation of a nucleus of a Chelsea Association, and that of a General Committee for the Re-Erection of Crosby Hall.

Examples of analogous studies towards this union of regional sociology and practical policy, applied to a larger and a smaller city respectively, may be found for Edinburgh in the writer's "Edinburgh and its Region" (*Scot. Geog. Mag.*, 1903) and for Dunfermline in his "City Development" (Edinburgh, 1904). The feeling, the interest and the energies which have been aroused of late years in so many of our historic cities, and not least in Chelsea, by their respective Pageants, and the interest now spreading through London and its con-

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stituent boroughs in the approaching Pageant of London, are but the more prominent and vivid symptom of a civic awakening which may soon become general in this country, as apparently already in the United States. Everyday examples, such as the improvement of existing city areas which has been in progress with greater or less wisdom and skill throughout the past generation, and the constructive endeavours of the Garden City Movement (itself so lately but a "mere Utopia") to escape from the present limitations of town life as far as possible altogether, are yet more convincing that this civic arousal has fully begun. The Town Planning Bill, at present before Parliament, is thus but the natural outcome of this movement; and its general approval in principle, its scrutiny and improvement in detail must further advance this. Most important, therefore, as an example immediately available towards enquiry and effort in any and every city and town, is the recent formation of a "Leicester Civics Committee," and its decision to inaugurate its work with a "Leicester Civic Exhibition." Their co-operation from the first with the "Cities Committee" of the Sociological Society is also being extended to other cities, and with mutual advantages of association and interchange. Why not also to Chelsea? So far then this introductory note.

I

To this gathering of Utopians of Chelsea—that is, of ordinary citizens, yet active and aspiring ones—let me first plead that we should take a more active and definite interest in our borough. At the outset I submit that we hardly any of us adequately know our facts, and hence that we cannot even dream our Utopia more than vaguely, much less define any single portion of it until

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we have come to know and understand something at least of what it is that gives this local character which we value to our neighbourhood, our town.

The exploration of Chelsea is crowded with interest, full of significance; and the detailed instructions for setting about this, in ramble after ramble, are to be found in no mere scanty summary as of Baedeker, but in the admirable guide-book of Mr. Reginald Blunt, a topographic survey which I must not only recommend but assume as one of the essentials of our Utopian library. Those whom he leads on to desire yet further particulars will find no better incentive or example, street by street, than his "Paradise Row"; and since all can have the guidance of an antiquary at once so thorough and sympathetic, I need not here attempt to enumerate the multitudinous points of local and general interest which await them upon such outings. Yet let me at once generalise this to other cities. In London, antiquaries like Mr. Philip Norman, or in Edinburgh like Mr. Bruce Home, are no doubt to some small extent appreciated by an intelligent minority of their respective fellow-citizens, but to bring such men in every town and city to public knowledge, and to public influence, is a matter of ever-increasing civic urgency, since almost all the surviving memorials of the past are still in frequent jeopardy, and since their value is thus increasing on the tragic principle of the Sibylline books.

Chelsea Church and its memorials then, Church Street and its associations, and the like, I assume as more or less known to all of us, and so with each of our main assets. But it is easy for us to undervalue the secondary ones;

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thus the reverent visitor of our Old Church often passes by the new Parish Church with utter indifference, if not with a remark upon the tameness of its modern Gothic. Yet this is one of the notable buildings not only of the borough but of the nineteenth century, since it is the very first modern Church with a stone-vaulted roof—that is, the first real attempt to construct a Gothic edifice since the close of the Middle Ages. No wonder it is not completely satisfactory ; it is rather a wonder it is so good ; and even if we may no longer feel our fathers' enthusiasm for modern Gothic at all, we see that this edifice has none the less its place, and that an initiative one, in one of the most influential movements of modern history.

Even in the nooks of Chelsea, in its retreats from the general stream of local and national life, we everywhere find points ranging from individual interest to world-significance, to history in its largest aspects, temporal and spiritual. Thus the Cavalier associations of Chelsea are ever with us ; but from Lindsey House, once Count Zinzendorf's château, it is but a step in thought to the Thirty Years' War—and from the quiet little Moravian meeting house with its austere cemetery, to one of the greatest and best of Puritan movements in history. Even their tiny disused schoolhouse, dingy though it be, is more than a mere surviving landmark for progress. It has a tradition of its own, older than that of any of our schools and colleges, than those of South Kensington to boot ; for among the educators of history there are few more significant and perhaps none at this moment more vividly modern, more directly indicative of the twofold needs of progress, than the Moravian pedagogue and bishop

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Comenius, author of the "Orbis Pictus," yet also of the "Pilgrimage of the Soul."

Our historic houses are known to us all. There Turner spent his last year and died, there Rossetti, there Whistler. But fill in minor names, at least of the thirty mighty men who attain not unto the first three—say from Cecil Lawson onwards and back—and see what a wealth of artistic associations. Yet here in our own day are more painters than ever, and though none be a prophet in his own borough, is it not a matter of common knowledge all the world over that even if the old excellences be gone, new excellences have arisen? At any rate while we may rightly regret the vanishing of the old Pottery with its dainty figulines, we need not forget that we have now in progress, and in more studios than we can number, the expression of a higher idealism, of a more varied realism than of old, and this upon a far greater scale and in more enduring forms. It is time to recognise that even now our local group of sculptors is initiating an art movement which may before long be recognised throughout the land as not less vital and significant in its way than those of the great painters we are wont here to recall.

Here, in More's Garden of all places, our local memories of the Renaissance are not likely to be forgotten, nor how the advent of the New Learning in England would have had a far less easy progress but for the convinced and persuasive ally whom Erasmus found in the hospitable Chancellor. But hardly less significant, though less often remembered, is the later yet completer development (since including also the scientific movement

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of the later Renaissance), which we owe to More's successor in the same garden, Sir Hans Sloane. Few in Chelsea but know his Botanic Garden, but it is sometimes forgotten that to his collection the British Museum itself owes its origin, and more often forgotten still how stately and generous was Sloane's design—for had that been carried out, his historic mansion would even now be in existence, and this as the centre of the nation's treasure houses, not crowded out of sight in Bloomsbury, but displayed like the Louvre, perhaps indeed better, in park as well as on river. Hence perhaps it is through the inward fitness of things that a vast group of museums has returned to our immediate neighbourhood, so that we need now no longer refuse morally to incorporate into at least the outer court of our sacred enclosure South Kensington itself, albeit so long the mere hinterland of Chelsea.

II

This tracing of traditions, as all Chelseans, all historians know, might be continued and amplified. I need not even speak of the local record in literature, in criticism, in affairs; it is time to draw to our conclusions. First, that we are here well on in the fourth century of a focus of thought, a cloister of meditation, a centre of learning, a creative home of art, and above all these a radiant centre of moral and social idealism, arising in the joyous sun-burst of the Utopia, but never wholly dying away. To recall once more only a few of the greater names of Chelsea, who can doubt but that this local association of imagination and humour since

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More, and since the "Encomium Moriae," must have stirred in turn the passionate imagination, the fierce humour of Swift, and the heroic visions, the blazing satire of Carlyle. Or, again, after these first three, has not the same Utopian tradition aroused the generous ardour of Kingsley, or strengthened the lucid optimism of Thomas Davidson, whose whilom Chelsea Brotherhood has grown into what, whether we like it or not, we can hardly deny to have been one of the most potent groups of Utopians of our day and generation, the Fabian Society, and again whose later teaching is so manifest in that renaissance of educational and civic idealism which withstands the omnipotence of mammon even in New York.

Next our civic conclusion. Here in Chelsea, albeit but one of the minor boroughs of London as regards area, wealth, population, and other crude quantitative measurements, we have a city in its own way second to none, and in general view claiming to be reckoned after the City and Westminster themselves as making up the main triad of Central London. True, the City stood for commerce, for material wealth, financial greatness, and Westminster for sacred traditions and for governing powers, when this was but a country village. Yet when the Reformation closed the story of Westminster as a mediæval cloister of thought, the history of Chelsea opened, as its Renaissance equivalent or analogue, and as since affording once and again some needed subjective counterpart to the material and political greatness of the two Metropolitan cities. In many ways, of course, this position, while here in Chelsea but individually and

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sporadically realised, has been more fully and more consciously taken as well as educationally applied by Oxford ; but while that has been mainly a citadel of the causes and ideals of the past, the record of Chelsea, as we have seen, lies essentially in its initiatives of new ideals, of constructive movements. Here in fact has long been established, not indeed More's "Utopia," yet another and practically contemporary one, that "Abbey of Thelema," in which each lives his own life to such purpose as he may.

Individual though is our record of local history and achievement, it is yet no mere retrospect of sporadic genius, but a perpetual renewal of certain recognisable elements. Though to historians and their readers the past may too often seem dead, or at best a record to be enshrined in libraries for the learned, it is of the very essence of our growing sociological re-interpretation of the past to see its essential life as continuous into the present, and even beyond, and so maintain the perennation of culture, the immortality of the social soul. The definition of culture in terms of "the best that has been known and done in the world" is but half the truth, that which mourns or meditates among the tombs; the higher meaning of culture is also nearer its primitive sense, which finds in the past not only fruit but seed, and so prepares for a coming spring, a future harvest. History is not ended with our historian's "periods"; the world is ever beginning anew, each community with it, each town and quarter. Why not then also this small town of ours, this most productive cloister of thought and art in what is now the vastest of historic cities?

Chelsea, Past and Possible

III

How then shall we continue the past tradition into the opening future ; that is the problem, the essence of our Utopia. A few months ago we were discussing here the ways and means of bringing together into a civic union, a Chelsea Association, the many scattered endeavours and feelings after more active citizenship, and this is no mere limited sense such as it seems to retain in less developed communities, still wholly taken up with their gas and drains, and exercised only over their taxes. We are surely capable here of aspiring to more Athenian ideals of Citizenship, to more cultural views, to more associated yet more individual life. Of all these there are many sides, but here especially is ours. Here has long been growing up the tradition of many culture-activities, and here are now the essentials of a University City in the general sense ; for as the community in its religious aspect was the Church, as the community in its political aspect is the State, so also the community in its cultural aspect will be the University. Here and among us, moreover, in our own day, has been developing a University quarter in the literal sense ; why not now bring these two beginnings together—like our mingled memberships in this very meeting ? Might not that be a fresh impulse at least even to ourselves—and why not one of value to London by and by—as to its University, which has still a corresponding growth before it if it is to accomplish its needed task ? Towards all this, the re-erection of Crosby Hall, well nigh the last

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surviving relic of Old London, upon More's Garden, is no mere act of archæological piety, still less of mere "restoration," but one of renewal; it is a purposeful symbol, a renewed initiative, Utopian and local, civic and academic in one. It is first of all a renewed link with the past and its associations; it is to be of daily uses, both public and collegiate, but these above all as preparing the future, not simply dignifying the present and commemorating the past. In sum it is a new link between Chelsea Past and Chelsea Possible.

SOME UTOPIAS PAST AND PRESENT

By people who do not think, "Utopia" and "Utopian" are used as nicknames for every scheme which they deem to be impracticable, visionary, and merely idle dreaming. But whenever you hear a man dissuading you from attempting to do something on the ground that it is Utopian, beware of that man. No doubt it is Utopian to hope for the entire doing away of drunkenness and misery out of ~~London~~ slums ; but the Utopianism is not our business, the work *is*. It is Utopian to think of a time when no one shall be in want of his next meal, when no little child shall be pinched with hunger, and no woman go about in rags, and no man stand starving and idle in the market-place for lack of work. But he who does not believe in such a Utopia, and in his measure labour for it, rules himself out of the category of civilised beings.

✓ From all ages men have had their dreams of a fairer social day than the world has yet known, dreams some of them fantastic, some of them nobly ideal, some of them grossly material, but all speaking of the hunger of the human heart for a better than that which is. ✓ Even bold Jack Cade, vowing reformation of the realm and promising

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"There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny and the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops : and I will make it a felony to drink small beer and all the realm shall go in common,"—even he was a dreamer of dreams, little as he had in common with Plato and More. We sometimes speak of this as the age of the "social question." The advent of fifty Labour members into the House of Commons only emphasises the fact. Behind all the extraordinary achievements of modern civilisation, its transformation of business methods, its miracles of scientific discovery, its mighty combinations of capital, there lies at the heart of the present time a burdened sense of social mal-adjustment which creates what we call the "social question." Yet the consciousness of the contradiction between the spiritual ideals of justice, freedom, fraternity, and the actual facts of life, is not a feature of human life come to birth in our time. It has troubled noble souls all down the centuries, and there is scarcely an age which has not had its Social question. So there is scarcely an age in which some dreamer has not appeared with his vision of the regenerate state, who, letting his imagination play upon the subject of human society has pictured an ideal community, in which men should be relieved from the burden of care which now weighs them down, from the shackles of injustice which now cramp their movements, and live in a more joyful and harmonious fashion. In one age we have Plato's Republic ; in the next Plato's Republic modified by Aristotle ; in another Cicero's Republic ; in yet another Augustine's City of God ; while coming down later the field is occupied by Dante's "De Monarchia,"

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More's "Utopia," Bacon's "New Atlantis," Campanella's "City of the Sun," Harrington's "Oceana," Hall's "Mundus alter et idem." In more modern times Rousseau, Bellamy, William Morris, Ruskin, and Mr. Wells have drawn out various Utopias for us, and in addition practical experiments have been made, by Owen in England ; by the Transcendentalists of New England in "Brook Farm" ; by the Mormons at Salt Lake City ; by the Shakers ; and among ourselves by the Society of Friends : while all down the ages we have had the Monastic communities which have drawn apart from the world to live a simpler and higher life as they conceived it on the communistic principle.

The earliest dreamers of a Golden Age appear always to have placed it in the past. They describe a Garden of Eden, the land of peace and plenty, of innocence and happiness, free from pain, hunger, oppressive labour, disease and death,—the ideal blessedness of human society which we have left behind us.

The Greeks as well as the Jews had this vision of a perfect condition of things in the past—so *Hesiod*,

"In the original conditions of the world, men lived like gods, without vices or passions, vexations or toils. In happy companionship with divine beings, they passed their days in tranquillity and joy, living together in perfect equality, united by mutual confidence and love. The earth was more bountiful than now, and spontaneously yielded an abundant variety of fruits. Human beings and animals spoke the same language. Men were considered mere boys at a hundred years old. They had none of the infirmities of age to trouble them,

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and when they passed to regions of superior life, it was in a gentle slumber."

But gradually it dawned upon men that the Future was more important than the Past and that the Golden Age must be before them and not behind. It was a healthier thought, for it led to active effort ; it moved men to labour on in hope ; it inspired them to lift burdens, to ameliorate conditions, to redress wrongs, to make the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

You will remember the form it took in the Old Testament. "The Lion and the Lamb shall lie down together," "none shall hurt or destroy," "A King shall reign in righteousness," "Violence shall no more be heard in the land," "The desert shall blossom as the rose," "The work of righteousness shall be peace"—a Messiah shall come who will make all things new.

Alas ! the noble pictures of the prophets soon degenerated into a gross materialism.

The Messiah would be a conquerer like Cyrus or Alexander, wading through blood to the throne of all the earth. Afterwards the days of peace and plenty would come when Jerusalem, the seat of His throne, would be built with houses three miles high, and guarded with gates of pearl, studded not with iron bolts but with precious stones. No sick or maimed would be found there ; men would live many centuries, the land would yield ready-spun wool ; in every cluster of grapes, which could scarce be drawn by a yoke of oxen, there would be thirty jars of wine ; the stalks of corn would be as thick as trees, and white flour would be blown from their ears by the wind of God.

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Such were some of the fantastic shapes in which the poor dreamers after happiness in Palestine nigh two thousand years ago, yearning for what is not, shaped their belief in the replacement of the old by a newer and a better, common to "a certain mode of Time living in the place of Hope."

Largely this thought of a Messiah tintured the ideas and hopes of the early Christians. Even the twelve who lived with Christ entirely misunderstood His teaching about the kingdom of God. They thought He referred to an earthly throne with places, honours, and dignities—an earthly kingdom.

After His death they looked forward to His second coming to do what He had failed to do at first.

Curiously enough this belief in a returning hero who shall bring in the perfect social order is widely spread. The Hindus have for ages been expecting that in the fulness of time there would be another Avatar, an incarnation and appearing of the divine being who would bring about a healthier condition of human affairs. This vision of a returning king and avenger from God has haunted the imagination of many peoples. Frederick Barbarossa has only slept; he is to come back again. King Arthur at Avalon waits the appointed time for his return; even the American aborigines dream of their divinely-sent Hiawatha, who, having been with them in the olden time, is to reappear and drive away the evils of the world, giving them once more the primitive and perfect paradise of the days before the white man came.

But let us consider the dreams that are confessedly only *dreams*, in which men of a practical mind, deeply

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moved by the wrongs and sorrows of humanity, have pictured what life might be under ideal conditions.

Of all the carefully thought out schemes of the perfect State or society Plato's (B.C. 347) is first, both in point of time and importance. The Republic is one of the world's masterpieces in literature. It is in truth much more than the plan of an ideal community. Philosophy here reaches the highest point to which ancient thinking ever attained. It takes a wide survey and contemplates all truth and existence. In sheer beauty of style it is the crown and flower of Plato's Essays. Nowhere in Plato is there a deeper meaning, or a greater wealth of humour and imagery, or a more dramatic power. The essay is in ten books and the arguments are carried on in conversations between Socrates and half a dozen friends. It is quite impossible within the limits of a single lecture to give an account of the treatise as a whole. I must confine myself to the constitution of his Utopia. All subsequent Utopians—Cicero, Sir Thomas More, Bacon, Campanella, Bellamy, Morris, and Wells—are largely indebted to Plato. He is the leader of a goodly band of followers, whose numerous imaginary States are formed upon the Platonic model.

Plato was the first great leader in human history to demand for women the same education as for men ; he was the first to teach that education goes on through all life ; he was the first to make a system of education the foundation of the State. And in these respects the civilised world still lags behind the Grecian sage.

Plato's Utopia is a city like Athens, of about eight to ten thousand human souls, the area of the city

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including enough land to provide food for its population. In this State there are three orders, the Guardians, the Auxiliaries, the Producers. Wisdom is the special virtue of the Guardians, who are therefore the rulers of the city. Courage is the special virtue of the Auxiliaries, who are therefore its warriors ; Temperance is a virtue for all. By Temperance is meant restraint ; and the essence of political temperance lies in recognising the right of the governing body to the allegiance and obedience of all the rest. It is diffused through the entire State in the form of a common consent. There remains one virtue, a something which enables the other three to take root in the State, and preserves them intact therein. ¶ This something is Justice. It may be defined as that which teaches everybody to attend to his own business without meddling in that of other people. It is that which fuses the three classes in the State and keeps each in its proper place.

The Producers, whose business it is to till the fields, tend the flocks, work as labourers and artisans, are really slaves, and soon drop out of sight as unworthy of attention. It is the Guardians and Auxiliaries with whom Plato is concerned, more especially the former, who as the Magistrates or Governing Body are all-important, for if they be wise, then is the State well-governed.

It would appear that the Guardians are to be selected from among the Auxiliaries, with whom, up to manhood, they have been educated. They must be the ablest, the most prudent, the oldest, and above all the most patriotic members of the body. In order that they may be lifted up above selfishness or greed, they are to

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possess no property, to live in a camp, or to be quartered in tents, in order that they may become hardy and frugal, to own no money, to eat at common tables, to dress alike in the simplest costume—supported, indeed, by the contributions of the Producers, but having nothing, neither lands nor goods, nor houses, nor wives nor children which they can call their own. Otherwise they are sure to become wolves instead of watch-dogs. It is a hard, stern, ascetic rule to which they are subjected. They are carefully trained, first in body that they may be perfectly healthy, then in the elements of ethics,—truth, courage, and self-control. Then follows the training of the mind by music and gymnastics, the latter including mathematics, logic, and philosophy. The women are to be trained in the same way as the men, and in their company. They are even to share in the same sports. For the woman is just as capable of music and gymnastics as the man; and, like him, she displays marked ability for a variety of pursuits, the only difference being one of degree, not of kind, caused by the fact that the woman is physically weaker than the man. Those women who give evidence of a turn for philosophy or war are to be associated with the Guardians and Auxiliaries and their duties, and by them bring forth children. The relations of any man with any woman of the governing class are under the control of the magistrate, and the children are to be separated from the parents and brought up in a State establishment. No woman knows her own child, no man knows his own son. In this way, thought Plato, and in this way only, is it possible for the Guardians and Auxiliaries

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to lose all sense of private property, and thus become conscious of a perfect unity of interest.

Of course, nothing in the world resembles Plato's ideal State, nor does he imagine that such a State is possible. Nevertheless, it is a pattern, and he imagines that ideals are none the worse because they cannot be realised in fact. When asked how the ideal Polity can come into being he answers, "When kings become philosophers." "Until kings are philosophers, and philosophers are kings, cities will never cease from ill."

As Jowett points out, Plato's idea of a perfect State is full of paradoxes. One or two of these may be noticed. First, there is the community of goods, no private property, no money, nothing that a man may call his own. All belongs to the State, and the State provides every one with the necessities of life. To us, of course, this is quite too shocking. Communism is to us a name for all that is detestable. Is there anything more sacred than property? I do not dispute the rights of property. Only may it not be that we have heard just a little too much of that cry? "Proputty, proputty, proputty"—that's what the Northern Farmer heard his horse's legs say as they rattled over the road, and "Proputty, proputty, proputty" is the one angelic song which ever echoes in many a modern ear. But Jowett tells us that there are two or three remarks or questions about that to which we might listen with profit, and Jowett was not a wicked Radical, but a man of a moderate and sensitive mind, an Oxford don, a fine scholar, and moreover a dear lover of a lord! Well, Jowett bids us remember that the sacredness of property—that is, of private property—

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is far more a modern than an ancient doctrine. Early society offers many examples of land held in common; this was probably the original form of all land tenure. He points out that the early Christians held their property in this simple way. Then he asks whether we are quite sure that the recognised notions of property are the best. Is the distribution of wealth which is customary in civilised countries the most favourable that can be conceived for the education and development of the mass of mankind? Can "the spectator of all times," as Plato proudly calls himself, be quite convinced that one or two thousand years hence great changes will not have taken place in the rights of property or even that the very notion of property, beyond what is needed for present maintenance, may not have disappeared? Oh, fie, Mr. Jowett! It is all very well to tell us that Plato and Aristotle held these frightful heresies. We know better. Plato and Aristotle did not know everything done in Greece, and we—why, we have much more faith in the American millionaire than in these moonstruck philosophers.

And yet, and yet—it makes one a little uncomfortable that whenever men have undertaken to discourse on the ideal human society the idea of private property passes out of sight and they picture all things in common. So grave a man as Sir Thomas More, the Lord High Chancellor of England, sits down to write of the perfect civilisation in which there will be no money except to pay the mercenaries whom it hires to do its fighting. To the State all belongs and from the State all receive according to their needs. It is the same in Campanella's "City of the Sun," in Bellamy's "Looking Backward,"

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in Morris's "News from Nowhere," and largely in Mr. Wells's "Modern Utopia." Ruskin believes in the coming time when private possessions will be few and simple and the public possessions many and magnificent. He reminds us that there may arrive a day when the question, "Have I not a right to do what I will with mine own?" will appear to be a barbarous relic of benighted ages.

The weakness of Plato's ideal state, its fatal blot and the fatal blot of some succeeding Utopias, such as Campanella's "City of the Sun," is the abolition of the family in favour of a community of wives and children. Plato did not realise that the family rather than the individual is the unit of the State; that the family is the germ cell; and that disintegration of the family would make associated life in any form ultimately impossible, just as breaking up the cells in the honeycomb would make the hive impossible. Plato has indeed a noble idea in mind, the elevation of womanhood, that she should in all things be the equal of man. Listen to Mr. Jowett: "The Greeks had noble conceptions of womanhood in the goddesses Athena and Artemis, and in the heroines Antigone and Andromache. But these ideals had no counterpart in actual life. The Athenian woman was in no way the equal of her husband; she was not the entertainer of his guests, nor the mistress of his house, but only his housekeeper and the mother of his children. She took no part in military or political matters, nor is there any instance in the later ages of Greece of a woman becoming famous in literature. A different ideal of womanhood is found in Plato. She is to be the com-

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panion of man, and to share with him in the toil of war and the cares of Government." It is Plato's method which is wrong ; moreover, Plato overlooked one whole side of woman's nature, the side of sensibility, gentleness, and grace. He is also largely oblivious of the "eternal feminine," the great question of sex. But Plato rigidly guards against licentiousness, rather he aims at an impossible strictness ; all relations between men and women are under magisterial control. Further, in his view, the family seemed the natural enemy of the State. His idea of the State is so exalted that all else is subservient. But human nature is what it is, and Plato's ideal would be disastrous and degrading. All the world of poetry and fancy which the passion of love has called forth in life, in literature, and romance, would have been banished by Plato, and the world would have been wofully impoverished. The State knows not love, romance, and poetry, and to Plato the State was what the Church has been to many since, a reason for escape from the family, or an occasion for thinking lightly of its ties and obligations. There is a strong element of monasticism in Plato's communism. In the State of which he would be the founder there is nor marrying nor giving in marriage.

I have no time to dwell on Cicero's Republic and Augustine's "City of God" ; nor on Dante's "De Monarchia," with its vision of universal empire deriving its authority from the Church and co-extensive with it. He sees no hope of happiness or peace for mankind until all nations are included in a single world-empire under the guidance of the Church.

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Four hundred years ago the England of our forefathers was heaving under an excitement akin to that which agitates us to-day, the excitement of the Social Question. It was the time known in history as the era of the Renaissance—a revolt of will and aspiration and life and thought against a thousand years of stagnation, spreading rapidly from Art to Literature, thence to the realms of social, political and religious life ; awakening a temper speculative and inquiring, a new intellectual and moral force, before which, as it seemed, old distinctions would melt away, the wrongs of the many be redressed, the tyrannies of the few be confounded, the Golden Age return of brotherhood, sanity, freedom. Foremost among the men whom this movement had touched was the great Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, and its daring, revolutionary spirit is set forth in his famous romance of Utopia.

Veiled under humorous titles—for Utopia means Nowhere ; its capital city, Amoris, means the Shadowy ; its historian and discoverer, Hythloday, means the non-sensical—it handles in a searching spirit and for the first time in English history problems of labour and capital, of crime, of government, of religion. Like so many other dreamers, like Plato and Cicero in the past, like Bacon, like Cobet in his voyage to Iconia, he does not dream of a world-Utopia, but of a community cut off from the rest of the world by geographical conditions, resenting the intrusion of strangers, living completely to itself. His Utopia is an island in the far West which a traveller discovers, finding there a perfect social State and coming home to report the wonderful thing. It is partly

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a satire on the England of his day, and, indeed, so pointed is the application that it was not considered safe to print it in a land over which Henry VIII. ruled, and it was brought out at Louvain under the editorship of his friend Erasmus. Utopia was an island about the size of England, and with the same population. It contained fifty-four shires, in each of which was one large city, standing on a fair river, with spacious streets, stately houses, extensive gardens. No modern process or pursuit was permitted within the city; ale-houses and wine-taverns were banished from it. All the inhabitants of the island learned in turn the art of husbandry, rearing from the soil all things necessary for consumption. Besides agriculture, every one was taught some special trade, the women to weave and spin, the men to become smiths, carpenters, masons, &c. More brings the light of Plato to bear upon the miserable state of his own country. He is indignant at the corruption of the clergy, at the luxury of the nobility and gentry, at the poverty and wretchedness of the labourers, and he imagines a State where all these ills exist no longer. It is a State without a king or a peerage, without lawyers or priests, a State in which military glory is brought into contempt, and every man, nobleman, priest, beggar, has to work his six hours a day. For where none are idle, and armies are no more, and the State is relieved of its custom house and excise officers, six hours a day will make such a provision of goods that each household lives in a condition of comfort and even luxury unknown before. His citizens have no gold or silver of their own. Indeed, there is nothing of which he is more contemptuous than

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the love of money. Gold is used for the fetters of criminals, and diamonds and pearls for children's necklaces. Great importance was attached to mental knowledge, lectures being daily given in mathematics, astronomy, music, literature, natural history, and moral philosophy, which all from time to time attended. Two hundred magistrates were chosen by universal suffrage; over whom were set twenty of a higher grade; over all a prince. Possessions were held absolutely in common. The magistrates had no more than the artisans. No man might marry before twenty-two, no woman before eighteen: divorce and profligacy were infamous and almost unknown.

So admirable is the skill with which More tells his story of the imaginary island that he made many people believe that the narrator had been an eye-witness of all he described, and a certain professor of divinity actually applied to More to be sent thither as a missionary. More quietly says that he forgot to ask the traveller, Hythlodæ, in what part of the world Utopia is situated. A word about the religion of Utopia must be added. More is as tolerant and as free from prejudice as Plato. Although himself a devout Roman Catholic, in his model island he will have no man suffer for his religious opinions. In the public service no prayers are to be used but such as every man may boldly pronounce without giving offence to any sect. He says significantly: "There be that give worship to a man that was once of excellent virtue and of famous glory, not only as God but as the chiefest and highest God. But the wisest part, rejecting all these, believe that there is a certain

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godly power unknown, far above the reach and capacity of man's wit, dispersed throughout all the world, not in bigness but in virtue and power. Him they call the Father of all. To him alone they attribute the beginnings, the increasings, the proceedings, the changes and ends of all things."

Such was the ideal of our English Lord Chancellor in 1516. He put his finger on the very sores from which the body politic is ailing to-day. If some of his remedies, like Plato's and Dante's, are fantastic and impossible, others are identical with the Utopias which poets and dreamers are fashioning, and which are being accepted by men of action of the twentieth century.

It is of some of these later Utopias I have now briefly to speak, for if you have read Plato and More you have read pretty well all that the ancient and the medieval dreamers have to say. Bacon's "New Atlantis" does not strike any one but a drudge as an attractive place to live in. Campanella, an Italian Dominican friar, born in 1568, who spent twenty-seven years in prison for his heresies, and while a prisoner wrote his "City of the Sun," was in many things an imitator of Plato. All things are to be shared alike. The citizens have wives and children in common, and the children are removed from their parents' charge to that of the State. Education is to be by means of natural science. The religion of the State is a curious compound of Roman Catholicism and humanism. The people are to confess their sins not to the priest, but to the chief magistrate, who is called the "Rector Metaphysician," and by this means he is informed of what is going on.

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Other Utopias I can only mention by name—Harrington's "Oceana," in which the Lord Archer, meaning Cromwell, is described not as he was but as the author conceived he ought to have been; the "Argenis" of Barclay, another imitation of Plato; Sir John Eliot's "Monarchy of Man," Comte's "Western Republic," Cobet's "Iconia," published in 1848, and so on.

There remain three modern schemes widely read and discussed and which no consideration of Utopias can leave out of account—Bellamy's "Looking Backward," William Morris's "News from Nowhere," and Mr. Wells's "Modern Utopia," published a few years ago. Mr. Morris's book, in some respects the most charming of the three, is yet vitiated by the long-drawn story of the fierce and bloody revolution which occurs in the middle of the twentieth century and by which the reign of communism is ushered in. In his essays Mr. Morris had plainly declared his belief that a regenerated society, such as he and his socialistic friends desired, would only be brought to birth in the agonies of the battlefield, and in "News from Nowhere" he pictures the course which he imagines events will take. That out of such a welter of blood and fire there could ever issue the idyllic State he so lovingly depicts—with its peaceableness, goodwill, gentleness, innocence, beauty, gaiety, songs, roses, profusion, happy labours, a State not only without law courts, police, prisons, but without a government, without rulers, elected or otherwise, without money or wages—is a little difficult to take in. That journey up the Thames is a most delightful episode, the vision of a poet, of an artist, of a lover of his kind,

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and well worth meditating upon. But most people will think it is a little too fanciful and picturesque even for Utopia. Morris changes both the nature of man and the nature of things.

The dreams of Mr. Bellamy and Mr. Wells are in a different category. They boldly face the modern world and accept the modern condition of machinery. Morris takes us back in conception to pre-mechanical times and will have nothing but hand labour. "News from Nowhere" is a comment on his often expounded ideal time, "when there shall be no labour but that which ministers to the health, and in the doing of which men may find pleasure." He will have little or nothing to do with machinery. On the other hand, Mr. Bellamy and Mr. Wells look to machinery to relieve life of its drudgery and from all forms of merely mechanical labour. Machinery and invention are to go on until men are able by machinery to produce nearly all they want, and, at least, to save themselves from the toils and the tasks that are degrading or exhausting. Labour, they contend, is not such a blessing as many moralists have made out, and the happy human society will not, cannot come about until we make machinery do the best part of our work for us.

A second feature these writers have in common is that their Utopias embrace the whole planet. You cannot go apart from the majority of the human race and erect your Utopia in some secluded valley, or far away island, or the Arctic Pole, or Central Africa, and so preserve it intact from the intrusion of other influences. That was the idea of Plato, Bacon, More, Campanella, and many

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others. But the whole trend of modern thought is against any such enclosure. To-day perhaps you might still guard a rocky coast or some lonely island from the stranger, but what of the man of to-morrow, when the flying machine soars overhead, free to descend at this point or that? The modern Utopia is a World-State, and must include all the known races, nations, tribes and peoples. It supposes universal education, one universal language, and such facilities for travel that no man is debarred by poverty from travel to the very ends of the earth. All lands have been explored and all nations have come into the World-State or Federal Republic.

A third feature of likeness is the presence of a governing class, with the elaborate provisions that are made for securing the services of the ablest, the wisest, and the most experienced at the top. Neither Mr. Wells nor Mr. Bellamy believes in universal suffrage. Yet their Magistracy or Aristocracy, or Ruling Class, whatever you call it, is open to all who show the necessary qualifications of education, faculty, talent, experience. There are no hereditary rulers, no kings, no favoured classes; all careers are open, but with this proviso: no career secures more material advantage than another. The members of the governing classes are no "better off," as we poor non-Utopians say, than the artisan. Indeed, they are subject to a harder discipline than others. Their reward is in the confidence placed in them by their fellow-citizens. They are a "voluntary nobility"—the "Samurai," and Wells acknowledges that he has taken the idea from Plato's "Guardians." They live under a certain rule. It has three divisions—a list of

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things that qualify, a list of things that must not be done, a list of things that must be done. There is an educational qualification, but schools and colleges are free to all, and in fact none leave school or college until after eighteen years of age. Another qualification is technique ; the aspirant for the "Samurai" must have passed and practised in some profession, as doctor, or lawyer, or engineer, or artist, or author, or something of that sort. He must have "done something" to prove his ability. Next to the intellectual qualification comes the physical. The aspirant must be in sound health. All men who are over-fat or over-thin or flabby, or whose nerves are shaky, are rejected.

Then come the things forbidden to the "Samurai"—tobacco, wine, spirits, narcotic drugs, and meat, of course, for in all Utopias there is not a single butcher's shop nor a slaughter-house. All are vegetarians, but only the "Samurai" are forbidden wine and tobacco. They also are forbidden usury, or any kind of interest on money (Mr. Wells, unlike all others Utopians, does not dispense with money but only with interest). Further, the "Samurai" are forbidden to buy or sell ; they cannot be hotel-keepers or shareholders. They are forbidden acting and singing. Nor may they do personal service except in matters of medicine or surgery. The "Samurai" may neither be a servant nor keep one. He must serve himself, clean up his own room, fetch his own food from the public kitchen. He must never make a bet. He must never play games in public, such as cricket or football, although there are enclosed grounds where, to keep themselves in

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health, the "Samurai" play, but no spectators are allowed.

Then come the things the "Samurai" must do. They must bathe in cold water every day. They must read aloud from the book, "Canon of the Samurai," ten minutes every day. Every month they must read faithfully one book at least published during the last five years. There are also many rules for the promotion of health. But the most striking of the things that must be done is the rule of absolute solitude for seven days in each year. Each man or woman, for women are as eligible for this "voluntary nobility" as men, must go right out of all the life of men into some solitary place and dwell there for seven days, speaking to no one. They must take with them neither books, nor weapons, nor money. They must carry their own provisions and a blanket or sleeping sack, but no means of making a fire. They must for these seven days sleep under the open sky. They must not go on beaten tracks, nor where there are houses. Indeed, certain reservations are made for them on deserts, mountains, forests, where no one else is allowed to travel. The object of this is twofold : first, to make them hardy and self-sufficing, and secondly, to withdraw their minds for a little space from the insistent details of life, that there alone under the stars, face to face with Nature, they may commune with their own souls and with the eternal virtues. To do this they must go clean out of the world. They need to be alone once a year with Nature, necessity, and their own thoughts. No two men must go together. They come back physically and mentally

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clean. And in this carefully trained and disciplined order all political favour rests. They are the public officials, they are the only voters.

In Bellamy's "Looking Backward" the governing class is selected in quite a different way. There is no special training for qualification, except that they are selected from those who by their ability have worked their way up from workmen (everybody begins as a common workman) to foremen and then to heads of departments, thence to headships of sections, and from the great headships in the State the ruling class is selected. Nor are they subject to any special rule of life or discipline as suggested by Mr. Wells.

Mr. Bellamy's Utopia is really based on the perfection of machinery, and without it would be impossible. Life is on equal terms for every man and woman. All have the same allowance from the State, and all do some service, which, however, never exceeds from four to six hours a day. There is no money, but the State allowance for each man is in labour-notes or credit-cards, which he may spend as he pleases. It is so ample that every man may live in comfort and abundance. All the mechanical work of life is done by machinery. The State is the only landowner and the only merchant. Everything is the State's—all natural products, water-power, cattle, crops, manufactories, ships, cabs, trams, trains—all belong to the State. There is only one employer—the State. There is no labour question, nor can there be when all receive alike from the State, whatever their occupation. The higher offices, as with Mr. Wells, bring no more material advantage than the lower.

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The carpenter gets as much as the cabinet minister, and the allowance is so ample that he can live in as good a house and wear as fine a suit and have as much leisure. The industrial and economic conditions are more carefully worked out in Bellamy than in Wells or Morris, and are based on the great ideas of Socialism, namely, that all the land, with all natural products, is for the people as a whole, an estate in which every man has a right to an equal share. Such a community suffers no idler, no wastrels, no criminals. The towns are smokeless, laid out in broad avenues, every house with its garden, and the atmosphere as clean as that of the country-side. Art galleries, libraries, theatres, lectures, concerts, all are free. Every house is connected with the theatre and great concert-room and its own church by telephone, so that you may sit in your own hall and hear Melba sing or your favourite preacher discourse. The great concert-hall is connected with every house in the city by telephone; bands in turn play the whole twenty-four hours, so that you can turn on the music-tap whenever you like.

Mr. Wells's "Modern Utopia" does not go into such detail, but many of its features are still more remarkable. In London the air is as clear and less dirty than it is among the high mountains; the roads are made of unbroken surface and not of perishable material; all heating power is by electricity, and no coal is allowed to enter the town; there are no horses and dogs, and scarcely a particle of dirt. The pavements are moveable, and carry you along better than the Underground. The Utopians are brought up on sound physiological

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principles. There are no suspicions in the streets of spinal curvatures, skew feet, unequal legs, and ill-grown bones—an allusion to bad habits and an incompetent medical profession. Nor can the visitor find anywhere a bald head! People know better what to do and what to avoid. They keep their hair, their teeth, their digestion. The feverish hurry of our age has ceased. Then every one at twenty has his wander-year—his year of travel and speeding along in silent trains at the rate of two hundred and fifty miles an hour, or pursuing his way in a flying-ship, visiting the great and interesting places of the earth. Men and women are gaily dressed, except the “Samurai,” whose costume is white and for all of this class alike. Children do not die in childhood, since the criminal, the idiotic, the malformed are not allowed to marry. There is no poverty except that which is wilful. For the resources of the world and the energy of mankind, organised sanely, are amply sufficient to supply every rational need of every living being. There is money, and men may accumulate riches, but at death all they possess, except such as they leave for education, passes to the State. The foul and ugly struggle for food, shelter, and clothing which now goes on will be no more. Mr. Wells writes: “Utopia planned on modern lines will insist upon every citizen being properly housed, well nourished, and in good health, and upon that insistence its labour laws will be founded. In a phrase familiar to everyone interested in Social Reform, it will maintain a standard of life. Any house, except it be a public monument, that does not come up to its rising standard

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of healthiness and convenience the Utopian State will incontinently pull down, and pile the material and charge the owner for the labour; any house unduly crowded or dirty it will confiscate or cleanse. And every citizen indecently dressed, or ragged and dirty, or publicly unhealthy, or in any way derelict or homeless, must come under its care. It will find him work, it will register him, and lend him money wherewith to lead a comely life until work can be found; it will give him credit and shelter him and strengthen him if he is ill. In default of private enterprise it will provide wines for him and food, and it will—by itself acting as the reserve employer—maintain a minimum wage which will cover the cost of a decent life. The State will stand at the back of the economic struggle as a reserve employer of labour.”

You see Mr. Wells does not, like Morris and Bellamy, depict an absolutely perfect community. His is an attempt to show how a world like ours, with imperfect men and women still in it, might be happier and nobler. There are dull and stupid persons in his Utopia; there are people of weak characters who become drunkards and criminals; there are idiots and feeble-minded, but in much less numbers than with us, and under such arrangements as shall ensure their gradual extinction. Mr. Wells escapes one fatal weakness of all other Utopian schemes: sameness, monotony, want of individuality. In almost every other Utopia we see characterless buildings, symmetrical cultivations, and a multitude of people healthy, happy, but without any personal distinction whatever. There are no individualities, but only gene-

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ralised people. Too often the prospect resembles the key to one of those large pictures of coronations, royal weddings, parliaments, conferences, in which, instead of a face, each figure bears a neat oval with its index number legibly inscribed. So as Mr. Wells puts it: "I doubt if any one has ever been warmed to desire himself a citizen of Plato's Republic, and I doubt if any could stand a month of the publicity of virtue planned by More. For no one wants to live in any community for intercourse really, save for the sake of the individualities he would meet there."

That is one of the fatal weaknesses of these various Utopias. Another is the idea that the perfect social State can be set up at a given moment according to some plan or theory, in forgetfulness that Society is always a growth and not a static condition.

The third great defect is in the idea that reformed institutions will necessarily bring about a regenerated society, and that improved environment alone will give you a better and healthier race, and a more permanent happiness. No doubt much may be done to *assist* in the production of this noble race and truer, deeper happiness by changed surroundings, but these various Utopias all forget that the great seat of improvement is *within*. Let us build our houses of marble, and they will hide as many aching hearts as hovels of mud. The well-being of mankind is not necessarily advanced one single step. Give any man or woman among us £500 a year, with only six hours work a day, for twenty-five years of life, and you may have as much greed, envy, jealousy, ill-will, folly, superstition, stupidity, and unhappiness as ever. The great reformation needed is of the will, the thought,

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the affections, the sense of duty. Given these, and the environment *must* be changed and purified and sweetened.

For of course there must and always will be some correspondence between the soul and its surroundings.

But with all their defects we are immensely indebted to the dreamers of dreams and the seers of visions, and the poets and prophets of Utopia. They keep the fruitful idea of a better day before us, they hold aloft the ideal conceptions. If they do not touch the ultimate springs of life and endeavour, they breed the frame of mind which sets us wondering, inquiring, hoping. It is a great thing, a revolutionary thing, they have in common. From Plato to Mr. Ruskin, from More to Mr. Wells they are all agreed on a few simple yet revolutionary principles.

1. That the land and all that it yields of corn and wine and oil, of hidden jewels or serviceable minerals, is the property of the people of each generation, and is to be held and used for the common good. 2. That increase of individual wealth beyond that which is necessary for health, comfort, education, and a beautiful human life, is an injury to the State and cannot exist without corresponding poverty to others. 3. That the world properly used has abundance for every citizen, to raise the standard of life far above what it is now. 4. That a wise community will allow no idlers, whether among the aristocracy or the beggars, but will insist that all must in some shape or other contribute to the welfare of all. 5. That the wise country will take care to provide good human material, a healthy and intelligent race, and will for this end prevent the marriage of diseased, idiotic, malformed persons. A certificate of health and intelligence,

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as well as a certificate of birth, will in every case be required. 6. Common education for all at the public expense up to young manhood and womanhood. 7. The abolition of the competitive system of trade, and the organisation of labour by the State on the principle of public ownership and control. On these seven great things the Utopians in all ages are agreed. It is significant of much.

Yet there is another lesson. It is set forth in Tennyson's "Golden Year," and how better can I conclude than by that golden voice ?

"Old writers push'd the happy season back,—
The more fools they,—we forward : dreamers both :
You most, that in an age, when every hour
Must sweat her sixty minutes to the death,
Live on, God love us, as if the seedsman, rapt
Upon the teeming harvest, should not plunge
His hand into the bag : but well I know
That unto him who works, and feels he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors."

THE UTOPIAN IMAGINATION AND SOCIAL PROGRESS

SOCIOLOGICAL discussions, while manifesting a general lack of unity, are perhaps most varying with reference to the meaning of progress. This seems to be due to two causes: first, inability to agree upon the standard by which progress is measurable, and, secondly, to some confusion in the conception of social causation. As to the first, the suggestion most likely to gain assent is that of the application of civilisation values; these measured in the largest perspective as covering the advance of man from the lower animals, and of civilised from uncivilised man. This implies a growth, not merely in intellectual control, but in qualities of character and modes of conduct, which are supposed to be the marks of civilisation.

In other words, the good of ethical theories of all times, however difficult to define in concrete terms, does nevertheless afford over each period its standard of advancement. If the end can be thus only vaguely conceived, it is even more difficult to determine in series the specific steps which the race can be thought to have taken, and which, especially, are to be taken in the future. There are some who are sceptical as to the possibility of estimating

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progress at all, maintaining that human individuals and groups are quite incalculable, that history may or may not repeat itself, and that, therefore, sociology can never be a science in that sure and predictive sense found in the exact sciences. The difficulty may perhaps be found just here, that the standards of the exact sciences are applied outside their proper field. In particular, the conception of causation useful in other departments, applies only partially to human societies, and probably never in an unmixed form. It is an unfortunate habit of mind to think that the past has determined the present, and the present the future, in the bare sense of a perpetual procession from cause to effect. Our most useful scientific principle may be teleology, so abominable to the orthodox scientist, not in the discredited form of Paley and the predestinationists, but in its real and operative form as described by Aristotle—not the design of a first cause, but the design of human individuals. One of the best simplifications of group life is to think of it as the coincidence or unification of *purposes*. It will not be contended that the motive operating in the purpose has no determination from behind, but merely that, given purpose, its operation is by nature teleological. It may be that this reversal of mechanical causation renders prediction of specific events impossible, but it may also be that it renders it equally unnecessary and undesirable.

It may seem inadmissible to associate the imagination with purpose, as the latter term carries the meaning of logical and set design, apparently not in accordance with the freedom and capriciousness which are supposed

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to inhere in the imagination; but if the details of purpose are investigated, it will be found that they consist largely of imaginative elements. ~~N~~The differentiation of man from the lower animals was probably due to his ability to retain experience in the form of images. This was the first step toward freedom from the chain of situations and reactions which describes the life of the lower animals, even the most intelligent. Reason, in its practical sense of the adaptation of means to ends, is, first and last, the ability to shuffle and re-adjust the stock of images. Clearly then the first steps of human evolution were connected with the picturing of desirable ends, and of the means leading to their attainment. But the imagination is deserving of more liberal treatment than being regarded in this narrow logical sense; indeed, primitive man's logic was not strikingly coherent, and civilised man, in spite of his boast, possesses no character in lesser degree. Imagination is rather to be thought of as the instrument of the emotions, these latter being regarded as the expressions of fundamental life values worked out by the evolution of the race. A pictured end is then one which is the object of desire, and may or may not be consistent with realisation; at any rate it issues in action. This freedom of the imagination leading to the creation of things as they are desired rather as they are, is not to be divorced from the conception of reality. The perfect Ideas in the Platonic sense are the true reality, if we admit as most real that with reference to which human nature most completely expresses and exercises itself. The world of ideals may be a world of absurdities

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when the realist examines its specific contents. Deities, heavens, even works of art and Utopias, may be reduced to nothing by his criticism. That point does not concern us here; these conceptions have been, and have realised themselves as motives of action.

The social significance of the imagination will be made clear by an examination of its operation in the individual life. It is readily admitted that that type of character is most admirable which is organised with reference to certain ends. The social valuation of these ends does not immediately concern us; the great purpose, if not of the highest, is still appreciated; we require of men that they shall be devoted to something. Character implies an organisation of motives in which the near are subordinated to the remote. The task at hand is usually tiresome, but it is undertaken because it leads to something desired. The present is not only determined by the future, but as a rule by the somewhat remote future. These considerations are directly connected with the psychology of adolescence. It is probable that the remainder of life is nothing more than an elaboration of the adolescent diathesis. We are accustomed to smile at the troubles of the adolescent, regarding them merely as phases of development. The orientation outwards, characteristic of this period, carries its subject to the limits of things. Problems of the nature of the universe, and the ultimate character of right and wrong, of virtue and beauty, press upon him and suggest, when compared with disillusioned and matter-of-fact middle life, that the journey of life is a reverse one, proceeding from ultimate realities to the circumstances of here and now. This

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projective character is most pronounced in the ease of ambition. Very few of middle life would return to the toil and preparation which the youth readily undergoes because it glows with the reflected light of the somewhat-to-be. This then is the teleology of individual life, the struggle toward freedom, that duality of life which makes present circumstances endurable, because along with it goes the vision.

What has been said of the individual ideal becomes a statement for the group, by merely eliminating the word "individual." Equally, with society, do life forces act by drawing rather than by pushing. Social unity has already been described as unity of purpose; indeed, it would be difficult to define an ideal in individualistic terms. The accumulator of wealth regards at least his own children and their place in the world; every reformer believes he is doing something for future generations. ✓ This ultimate identification of individual and social aims is based primarily upon the fact that men are provided organically with a common set of life values, and secondarily, upon social transmission known as education. The most potent individual ideals are those which are socially supplied. In bare statement, it is the fact that numbers possess common ideals, and that this unity is the motive of corporate action. Apart from that idealisation which finds expression in works of art, group life seems to manifest two great kinds of projected purpose, the religious and the Utopian. The difference between the two is merely one of location, the religious end being not only in the future, but as a rule outside the world altogether. That the religious imagination in its

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creation of heavens, from the crudest to the most refined, has not only controlled and directed life, but has induced movement and progress in the social order, there can be little doubt. But that form of religious idealisation which organises this life into a set of instrumentalities for escaping to another, may not be most directly efficient as a means of progress. It is here that the Utopian imagination has its important part to play. Every Utopia embodies an imagined set of desirable social conditions, the attainment of which lies somewhere along the course of social advancement. The noble series of Utopians, from Plato to Mr. Wells, are prophets, not in the childish sense of predicting future events, but in the sense of giving humanity their visions of what the race might and should do. But these clearly expressed Utopias are of little importance as compared with the more groping but more powerful dream, which may dominate the life of a period. Every one is in this sense more or less a Utopian. A social idealisation may be good or bad, broad or narrow, but it none the less provides a programme of action. One may criticise all the Utopias of democracy down to the latest hope of socialism, on the ground that the most important problems of life are not solvable on the economic basis, but they have their place, and, better still, do their work.

It is not maintained that any Utopia either is, or need be, realised. The disparity between dream and deed need trouble no one, if the dream has sufficed to produce the deed. It is not likely that the history of culture would show many instances of the coincidence of thought and action ; it is only claimed that civilisation is quite as

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much the practice of theory, as theory of practice. The teleology here claimed as the instrument of progress admittedly works under certain conditions, but this determination has reference rather to the order and direction of advancement, than to causation from behind. One cannot say that the hedge is the cause of the jump on the part of the horse. In human evolution environmental circumstance acting upon groups by way of occupational determination has set the main directions of idealisation. Thus the life of the fisherman, or of the shepherd, or the peasant, has provided idealised products not only as works of art, or types of heroes, but, equally, heavens and Utopias. But it is human nature that provides the current through these channels, the fundamental life values carried forward through motives, the strength of which can be measured by the intensity and vividness of imaginative life.

ST. COLUMBA ¹

A STUDY OF SOCIAL INHERITANCE

THE biographers of St. Columba are fond of insisting on his royal lineage alike by paternal and maternal descent. We may take this to mean that he had good shepherd blood in his veins. The Celtic people who settled in Ireland found there grassy plains and valleys which permitted and even compelled some continuance of their primitive pastoral form of life. The people, in becoming peasants, of necessity remained half shep-

¹ For the information of those who may be interested to pursue further the line taken in this paper of reinterpreting old and familiar phenomena into the phrasing and form of current science, and thus relating them again to the elemental facts of life, it may be mentioned that the writer has depended, (1) mainly upon what might be called the Comte-LePlay-Geddes formulæ, which resume the sociology of the past two generations, and (2) in less degree upon the Lange-James-Hall formulæ, which, in more empirical fashion, have done a similar service for psychology. *Vide* Professor Geddes' papers in "Sociological Papers," vols. i., ii., iii., published by the Sociological Society; President Stanley Hall's "Adolescence" (Appleton); and W. James' "Varieties of Religious Experiences."

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herds, and their tribal chiefs, in becoming territorial princes and petty kings, remained half patriarchs, and only partly degenerated into an aristocracy of war and sport. Thus geographical conditions determined the continuance of the shepherd occupation, with its necessary pastoral ideal of the perfect man as "good shepherd," and its corresponding and equally necessary pastoral Utopia of a perfect world in which loving-kindness universally prevails, and the Shepherd is Lord Supreme who maketh man "to lie down in green pastures and leadeth him by still waters."

True that his biographers do not expressly tell us of the boy Columba having, like David, tended his father's flocks. But that it was the custom for sons of great territorial chiefs to serve such an apprenticeship we know from other sources.

As at another time and place, when idealism was an effective force, no man could be a knight without being first a squire (*i.e.* a groom), or later could be a gentleman without being first a page (*i.e.* a servant), so it is likely that in early Ireland to learn to be a shepherd was part of the training for a chieftain. And in the long run, the chieftain is just the best shepherd of all the clansmen. To understand the imposing historical figure, St. Columba, Abbot of Iona, we must go back to Colum O'Donnel, the shepherd boy of Donegal.

The supply of Irish shepherd boys being perennial and dependent, in last resort, only on grass and sheep, it becomes a matter of historical investigation to ascertain what changes in the social *milieu* determine the direction of latent adolescent idealism towards Iona and

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missionary enterprise in one age, or in another to New York and the organisation of philanthropy, or to Chicago and the creation of a great University, or to Westminster and Nationalist politics. But here the problem is only with Colum O'Donnel of the sixth century, and not with Irish American philanthropists, nor with the President Harpers and the Michael Davitts of the nineteenth century.

Adamnan relates with great wealth of poetic detail a parental vision of Columba's mother in which she saw her son as a Prophet of God and a missionary of the Christian faith. Every mother has ideals for her son. Her idea of the perfect man and the perfect life to lead are just what her personality, her education, her rank prompt her to select from the inherited stock of ideals transmitted to her *milieu*. Combining this selection of social and customary standards into a unique personal ideal, she dreams of its realisation in her son. And here in the maternal urge and impulse to vicarious realisation, we are at the very fountain-head of idealism. For here, if anywhere, the altruistic element in idealism is irresistibly linked with a natural tendency to self-sacrifice.

In a wholly pastoral community, *i.e.*, a community which lives and moves by, with, and for its flocks—the mental and emotional processes will be coloured throughout by the conditions of the shepherd's occupation.¹ In

¹ For a study of pastoral ideals and their geographical and occupational origins *vide* P. Geddes, "Flower of the Grass," in "The Evergreen," "Book of Summer" (P. Geddes and Colleagues, Edinburgh, 1896).

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such a community sheep are kept exclusively for their wool, and not for mutton. The welfare of a pastoral people depends, therefore, on the quantity and quality of the wool yielded by its flocks, and the skill and taste of the women in spinning it and weaving it into fabrics. The more numerous and vigorous the flocks and the finer the wool, the more prosperous the tribe. The selection and care of the best types for breeding, implies the scrupulous record and scrutiny of pedigree, and the progressive improvement of stock leads naturally to aspirations of an indefinitely perfectable type as a goal of achievement. Thus, it is easy to see how amongst pastoral peoples, the evolution of pedigree stock, and pride of family genealogy, are correlative. And it equally follows that, since economic success is, in a pastoral community, inevitably in terms of maximum and optimum of life, the human ideals which grow up in that *milieu* will be correspondingly coloured. The sentiments of the people will tend to shape their ideas of moral perfection towards the dream of an ideal type of the race, who shall come as a Redeemer. The Messianic hope is the poetry of pastoral maternity, renewing itself with each generation and in the elan of adolescence, it is no remote and unattainable ideal, but may be a very present hope and a mainspring of conduct. And that being so, the presence and continuance of the ideal will tend to create the conditions of its own fulfilment. The tradition of the ideal will gradually build up a congruent moral discipline, under which an approximating movement is made towards its realization. Thus are kept alive the moral qualities of hope, which lights the adolescent flame, and

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faith (*i.e.*, belief in ideal perfectability), which is the sustenance that keeps it burning.

From the caravan connection, which the great pastoral communities have from time immemorial maintained with the trading cities, many moral and social reactions ensue. But here a single one calls for reference. One of the very oldest romance legends of the world is the Quest of the Golden Fleece—already ancient in the time of Homer. The original Jason was doubtless a pastoral caravan hero, whose prowess in adventurous exploit won him wealth and a wife in the wonderlands of distant trade. The quest of love and adventure is, to be sure, a normal characteristic of awakened youth in any social formation ; for where youth is, romance is not far to seek. But to pastoral caravan origins we have probably to look for the finer developments of the quest as idealised romance. Pastoralism is the admitted parent of Christianity ; but it is also the grandparent of the complementary religion—Hellenism.

The interest and significance of Apollo, to the sociologist, is that the god *did*, as the legend affirms, keep flocks ; that he *did* slay real, live wolves ; that he *did* (on a caravan journey) barter the fleeces of a whole flock for a coveted musical instrument in a one-sided bargain with a young Hebrew trader (his brother Hermes) ; and that he *was* the king's herdsman, who could and did do two things better than all the others—

“ And first, that he was better with the bow
Than any 'twixt Olympus and the sea ;
And then that sweet, heart-piercing melody
He drew out from the rigid-seeming lyre,

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And made the circle round the winter fire
More like to heaven than gardens of the May.
So many a heavy thought he chased away
From the King's heart, and softened many a hate,
And choked the spring of many a harsh debate."

As a far-darting god, there is a natural tendency to associate Apollo with the far-going caravan, but, leaving that as a problem (that is to say, a quest) for a young archæologist, note Apollo's own quest, for which he was celebrated in the recently discovered Delphic hymn—

"Thou who didst conquer with thy darts the unspeakable
dragon
And didst drive him writhing before thee into the clefts
of the hill."

Having conquered the unspeakable dragon (of lust), Phœbus Apollo became the god of honour, light, and purity. Here his story is symbolical of the task which confronts every youth and the quest to which each is called. In setting out to conquer his own dragon, every youth may draw inspiration and courage from the thought that he is treading in the footsteps of Apollo. In preparation of this quest the discipline of the body has a special place, and therefore is Apollo the ideal athlete and god of the Palæstra. But the source of the moral discipline is not so obvious. By what means may the great miracle of Nature be performed, the transmutation of egoistic passion into altruistic love? For one of the social origins of this we may go back to the shepherd's calling and find a germ of altruistic tendency in the

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capacity for tenderness and self-sacrifice which the constant reaction of sheep and shepherd inevitably develops. This is further disciplined by the abstinence and control required on the long caravan journey. And if that journey, with many, ends in a debauch in the city of its destination, the very fact of such a loss of "integrity" will tend, in the more ideal types, to prompt to a still higher perfection of restraint. Hence it may happen that the young caravaneer will conceive it his highest reward to be able to bring back as a wife, not for himself, but for another, the very flower of maidens; for so did Apollo on another quest gain Alcestis for the bride of Admetus. This supreme exercise of fidelity and self-effacement is the severest test to which any human youth can be put, and rightly forms a part of the story of Apollo, both as shepherd-boy and as the god of ideal youth. Where Lancelot, the flower of chivalry, failed the shepherd Apollo succeeded, and so made a like achievement easier for every youth thereafter, in proportion as his training, his occupation, and his personality could respond to the suggestion of the great exemplar. And it is as an endeavour to make the exemplar valid and helpful for such, that we must understand and interpret all that elaboration of ceremony and ritual in the worship of the god of purity, by and through which the young mind was to be suggestionised into the incorporation of that ideal. The worship of a god of purity, known himself to have been a shepherd-boy, fitly made part of the necessary training of all other shepherd-boys in a society fundamentally pastoral.

As the Quest is the discipline of the caravan idealised

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by the romance of youth, so the Mission is the same discipline carried into mature manhood. It is no accident that the greatest of missionaries was a tent-maker. When St. Paul started on his mission of converting the world to the ideals of the Sermon on the Mount, he was probably approaching middle age. Another great missionary passed from shepherd-boy to be caravaneer at five-and-twenty, and at thirty-seven started on his mission of proclaiming the ideals of the Koran. The quest of the youth is embodied in an adventure for a concrete and personal object, and naturally so, for much time and training are normally required to bring the human mind to think and feel in anything else than personalities and concrete images. But by maturity a man should have learned that, even given the desire to serve, there is a higher form of service than personal help. The missionary is the man who has seen that the world may be served most by general truths—more by doctrine than by doctoring; and that there is more effective philanthropy in discovering and applying a general social formula, than feeding the hungry and clothing the naked of a generation or an hour. Hence the missionary impulse is of high emotional intensity, even when it seems to know inhumanly little of persons. The mission is the romance of adult service, and the larger the ideal that is sought to be realised the greater the flowering of love and beauty in the achievement.

It was the theory of Monasticism, tenaciously held and specially developed in Celtic monasticism, that there are three chief crises in the history of the human soul. They were called the three vocations or calls from God.

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The first was the idealisation of the heart, or conversion, corresponding to the psychic awakening which results in the quest. The second was the seeking of the salvation of others, achieved by what we have seen as the mission. The third was known as the call of Abraham, and eventuated in becoming a citizen of heaven. This was achieved by the Perfect Pilgrimage.

In what is called "The Old Irish Life of Columba" (a panegyric composed by some unknown monk to be read for the edification of the brethren on the Saint's day) the theory of the perfect pilgrimage is worked out in biblical phraseology of curiously mixed Gaelic and Latin. Translated into the half-technical, half-popular terms of current sociology, it means that the perfect pilgrim is one who has been able to rid himself of the prejudices of his own people and incorporate the best ideals of other peoples. And the state of perfect pilgrimage is to be objectively reached, if possible, by travel and sojourn amongst foreign peoples, until one can possess and practise their particular virtues; or if we may not do it by actual voyaging, then we may approach indefinitely near by cultivating goodwill towards foreign ideals and all the human personalities which they have formed and animate. In seeking the perfect pilgrimage, it is declared that the example of the old men of the past has to be followed; and above all, that of Abraham, who "went into the land of the Caldees to Haran where his father died, and went from thence to the Land of Promise." And, later on in the text, the Land of Promise is generalised as "the possession of Paradise in the presence of God for ever." In this theory, or plan

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of a perfectly achieved life, the pilgrimage is the discipline of senescence—the corrective of the old man's tendency to lapse into uninspiring purposeless reminiscence. As a regimen objectively obeyed, it begins with a visit to the ancestral tomb, where the virtues of the departed are remembered and hallowed, and their defects and shortcomings forgotten, in the moment of tender worship evoked even at a simple and unadorned grave ; but flaming into a passionate zeal for righteousness, where the tomb-temple lifts the mind to the contemplation of the starry heavens, and all that they signify to men whose occupation has committed them to a life lived under the open skies, and to all the emotional and intellectual results of this. The pilgrimage thus normally arises and is maintained amongst a pastoral people, with their temple observatory built on the ground where ancestors are buried, and thus the senescent shepherd may be stimulated, in the glow of a cosmic and human vision, to renew his youth and aspire even to lead his people into a new Land of Promise at the end of days. By the discipline of the pilgrimage, may the miracle be wrought of transforming the old man's reminiscences or an irreclaimable past into the young man's quest of a priceless future. Of all social formations the pastoral is that in which the influence of the aged is most pronounced and prolonged, and this it is easy to see rests in the very nature of the occupation of shepherding itself ; for muscular force of youth, and half-ripe experience of manhood, count for little where guidance depends upon accumulated experience of the seasons and pastures, of the habits of animals and the customs or people. Moses

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was perhaps a septuagenarian when he started on the pilgrimage that was to take the tribes of Israel to the Promised Land. Mahomet, when he made his pilgrimage to Mecca, was young for a patriarch. He was only sixty, but then he had prematurely worn himself out—and worn the ideal in—by the more arduous and ceaseless adventuring of the caravaneer.

With the pilgrimage, the cycle of life disciplines completes itself, when, at the holiest of places in the sacred city, the senescent pilgrim meets the adolescent, journeying on his quest and gives him the final exhortation to pursue the ideal—the most effective transmission of ideals from the old to the new generation. Mahomet's farewell charge to his fellow-pilgrims, old and young, at Mecca, condensed into a tetrad of exhortation the whole teaching of the Koran: "Your lives and property are sacred and inviolable among you. Treat your women well, for they are in your hands, and ye have taken them on the security of God. See that ye feed your slaves with such food as ye eat, and clothe them with the stuff ye wear. Know that every Moslem is the brother of every other. - All of you are equal. Ye are one brotherhood. I have fulfilled my mission. I have left amongst you a plain command, the Book of God; and manifest ordinances, the which if ye hold fast ye shall never go astray."

From this long excursion to the great steppe of Asia, the oases and deserts of Arabia, and the grassy valleys of Hellas, with their respective varieties of pastoral folk, let us return to the problem of how a Donegal shepherd boy became an abbot and a saint. What,

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let us ask, was the education that started Columba on the way to Iona, and that progressively forwarded his development when he had arrived there? We are to think of education as threefold in purpose—education for youth, for maturity, and for old age. What is it that determines at adolescence whether a youth flames into passionate idealism or lapses into animalism (*i.e.*, whether he becomes a poet or a potboy)—whether at manhood he hardens into mammonolatry or vibrates to the conviction of a message—whether at senescence he becomes a noble patriarch or a garrulous egotist?

Youth must derive its ideals mainly through love of persons, manhood through interest in work and ideas, age through the significance of symbols. These then are channels through which education must run—its sources uniting into a stream that flows on continuously and expansive throughout life.

The education of Columba began with the dream of his mother that her son would become a prophet of God—for this means that the first person the boy would love and desire to please, was herself an idealist. Again, not the least influence which a mother's ideals exercise on her son is the direction they give to her choice of teachers for him. Columba's first teacher was an aged and saintly hermit, to whose retreat in a beautiful valley Columba was sent for his early instruction. It was a characteristic of the Irish saints to choose the beauty-spots of nature for their dwelling; and this tradition was continued by Columba himself, when he came to found his own churches and monasteries. The aged hermit, we learn, was wont to take counsel of a certain Druid on

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matters touching the education of his charge. The boy thus came under the influence of a Naturalist as well as a Humanist, and the store of his impressions of nature was doubtless enriched from druidical sources.

The personalities whom a child, through pleasing associations, may be taught to love, include, of course, the noble types of the past. There is a story of Columba that when his tutor-priest one day failed to go on with the service, through lapse of memory in the middle of of the 19th Psalm, the boy finished the psalm, having learnt it by heart, though he was not supposed to have proceeded so far in his studies. Yet even a boy brought up on stories of the Biblical heroes, as Columba was, will effectively accept them as ideals of personal achievement if—and only if—their heroic deeds touch the experience of his own life, and are congruent with the traditions of his own people. The Irish, in becoming Christianised, were able to incorporate so much of the stock of Hebraic ideals, just because shepherding was one of the dominant factors in their own mode of life. The use of sheep, after all, is not to supply mutton or even wool, but to educate young men into reverence for Abraham, love for David, and understanding of Solomon. And if the young lad's admiration goes out to David, the slayer of Goliath, rather than David the poet and psalmist, that is all to the good in its season, and for the purposes, also, as we shall see, of a season beyond.

To begin with, obviously it will go ill with the young knight of idealism who would venture out against the lords of the Philistines, if he be not trained to a certain perfection of muscular strength and suppleness, and

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equipped with the essential tricks of the warrior's craft. In short, whatever ultimate supremacy we may accord to the things of the spirit, we must recognise that there is an æsthetic ideal to which normal youth owes natural homage, in its place and hour. Apollo, the god of light and purity, was also the god of the gymnasium; and it is to the young athlete in the palæstra that he gives the answer to the question which the poet-philosopher asks—"My body at its best—how far can it project my soul on its lone way?" It was a dart of the slighted Apollo which wrung from the poet-ascetic St. Francis the warning and the confession: "We must needs use great discretion in the way we treat our brother the body, if we would not have it excite in us a storm of melancholy." The slaying of Goliath, therefore, is a necessary initial adventure in the adolescent quest. The thick skull of Goliath, that has to be broken, is the thought-killing crust of custom, that seeks to harden itself around the soul of every adolescent as he comes to his years of decision. The resources of strength, confidence, and courage for that exploit are gained by the young shepherd fighting, along with Apollo the wolves, with David the bears, that prey upon his father's flocks. Columba slew *his* Goliath with a weapon even more primitive than the sling of David: the naked fist of a man. It is his first recorded miracle, the story of which is told as follows in the prose-poem called "Adamnan's Life of St. Columba":—

"When the blessed man, as yet a young deacon, was living in the district of the Lagenians (Leinster), learning Divine wisdom, it happened one day that a certain man, a fierce,

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cruel persecutor of innocent persons, pursued a certain young girl as she fled on the level surface of the field. And when by chance she saw the old man, Gemman, the tutor of the above-mentioned young deacon, reading in the field, she fled to him in a direct course, with all the speed she could. And he, alarmed by this sudden occurrence, calls to him Columba, who is reading at a distance, that both of them, to the best of their power, may defend the girl from her pursuer. But he, immediately coming up, and showing no reverence to them, stabbed the girl under their cloaks with a lance, and, leaving her dead body lying over their feet, turned and began to go away. Then the old man, greatly distressed, turns to Columba and says, 'For how great length of time, O holy youth Columba, will God, the just Judge, suffer this crime, with the dishonour to us, to be unavenged?' Then the Saint fitly pronounced this sentence upon the evil-doer himself, saying: 'In the same hour in which the soul of the maiden slain by him ascends into the heavens, the soul of the murderer himself shall go down into hell.' And, sooner than can be said, with a word, like Ananias before Peter, so also that slaughterer of innocents, before the eyes of the holy youth, fell dead on that same spot of ground."

In brief and prosaic summary, we may take it that while the ordinary respectable young man would have gone for a policeman—if the journey was not too far—Columba executed summary justice by one terrific blow, so swift and sudden that the good Gemman observed it not. After this display of Columba's prowess with biceps and knucklebones, it is easy to believe in his other youthful miracle, that while he was a student at the monastic college of Moville, an angel came to help him whenever it was his turn to grind the corn overnight for the use of the monastery next day, so that Columba did it faster and better than any other.

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The adolescent quest becomes, in course of normal development, a search for an intellectual as well as a moral foothold. At first a unifying emotion—love of person—satisfies; but later comes inevitably, if mental life continues, a desire for unifying ideas (philosophy, or love of wisdom). Now it is a re-discovery of modern psychology, that we think with our hands as much as with our brains. It follows that there are as many ways of thinking as there are elemental and diverse forms of labour. There is a shepherd way of thinking, a peasant way, a fisher way, &c.; but though there is a shepherd religion, there can be no (adequate) shepherd philosophy, since philosophy is the unification of all ways of thinking. Whence, then, is the requisite guidance in the adolescent quest for intellectual unity? The illusion that philosophy, like art, is a product of the leisure class, derives from the confusion of belief with make-believe. It belongs to the nature of a leisure class that, as such, it can have neither religion nor philosophy, but only superstition or sophistry. And the nineteenth century, one of the most superstitious and sophistical ages in occidental history, was naturally one of the most atheistical (*i.e.*, un-idealist) in religion, and most sceptical (*i.e.*, unbelieving in unity) in philosophy, just because, to be lifted into unearned leisure, was the secret ambition of nearly all Englishmen, most Frenchmen, and too many Germans.

The adolescent preparation of mind and hand for philosophy is to participate in turn in all the elemental occupations—gaining the aptitudes and experience of peasant as well as shepherd, of fisher and forester, of

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hunter and miner. Now, this to a large extent is just the discipline to which monasticism, and especially Celtic monasticism, submitted its novitiates. Why then, it may be asked, did not the monasteries produce a philosophy? The answer is twofold. In the first place, they produced the only philosophy which appeared in Europe between the decay of Greek thought; and the beginnings of a philosophy of science in the nineteenth century. The test of belief is action, and if philosophy does not pass into life, it is either a dialectical amusement or a sophistical make-believe. In both characters, perhaps, it has a function, but that function is not nutritive even when it is not sinister. The scholastic philosophy, as thought out by the monks, did explain the world and man, their past, present, and future, in terms of current belief, and so could and did serve as the intellectual basis of education and art, statecraft and ecclesiastical polity. Those who condemn it off-hand as the poorest of philosophies, must make their peace, if they can, with the fact that it produced the greatest of poems, the "Divine Comedy." It did this because it was thorough-going and honest; because its exponents were "very sure of God," and therefore very true with themselves.

In the second place, we have to remember that labour is synthetic, only if it is sympathetic. The discipline of manual labour is of two kinds—evocatory and repressive. Labour leads to light through love. It is love alone that makes labour lift up the heart. The *sursum corda* is a necessary preliminary to the intellectual vision. It was a cardinal defect of monasticism, that it used manual labour

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mainly as a repressive discipline. "Work till you weep, or if the tears are not free, till you copiously sweat," was an item in the Columban Rule. Through the labour of the field, the youth may be reduced to the stupor of drudgery, or he may be lifted through love of the peasant poets, Virgil and Hesiod, to sympathy and understanding of Confucius, the peasant philosopher—who was a clear thinker because he had been a conscientious farm steward. Christian monasticism here failed to apply one of its own most cherished principles—"Non stupor, sed Amor." Why? There were gaps in its inheritance and transmission of ideals, and this was one. Christianity idealised the chief products of the peasant culture, bread and wine; but it did not, as Hellenism had so nobly and beautifully done, idealise the processes. Thus opening the door to an element of idolatry, it left the adolescent exposed in his moral quest to a crop of temptations (*i.e.*, evil dreams), and liable on his intellectual quest to a host of fallacies (*i.e.*, logical attempts to justify temptations). It is partly because "Stupor" has for ages so generally precluded even the possibility of "Amor," that Christian civilisation in the peasant communities of England, while it has produced one Roger Bacon and one Francis Bacon, has been so much more prolific of Chaw-Bacon, both in village and town.

It was amongst the assemblage of picked youths at the Monastic College of Clonard, where Columba, at the age of twenty-five, closed his student life, that he met the friends by whose cohesion into a like-minded group, the individual quest of adolescence developed into the collective mission of manhood. This group of

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young men, being Irishmen and monks, had their heads full of dreams, and their pockets contained little else than their own poems.

The richness of their dream life and the habit of carrying this into practice, distinguish from the rest of mankind, the saint, the criminal, and the vicious. Whether there is any organic difference between the saint on the one hand, and the criminal and the vicious on the other, we do not know. What we do know is that there is a difference in their social inheritance of ideals. Give a boy the Roman Hadrian for a hero, and he may become a great organiser of peace. Give him the English Charles II., and if he escapes being vicious, it is by a miracle of grace. Being shepherd boys brought up in the love of David and his psalms, Columba and his fellow students would, in the period of their *wanderjahr*, physical and intellectual, pass by an easy transition into hero-worship of St. Paul, the tentmaker, of caravan traditions and missionary ideals. Columba, we are told, deliberately trained himself on the Pauline model. Thus were the defects of David, made good by the qualities of Paul. For David, though he started valiantly on his quest and slew Goliath, yet failed to conquer the unspeakable dragon, and never bethought him at all of a mission, till it was too late in life.

There is a beautiful legend which tells in characteristic fashion of the conversion of Columba when a boy with his first teacher :—

“ His guardian angel often appeared to him ; and the child asked if all the angels in heaven were as young and shining as he. A little later Columba was asked by the same angel to

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choose among all the virtues those which he would like best to possess. 'I choose,' said the youth, 'chastity and wisdom,' and immediately three young girls of wonderful beauty, but seeming not to be of that country, appeared to him, and threw themselves on his neck to embrace him. The pious youth frowned, and repulsed them with indignation. 'What!' they said; 'then thou dost not know us?' 'No, not the least in the world.' 'We are three sisters whom our father gives to thee to be thy brides.' 'Who, then, is your father?' 'Our Father is God, He is Jesus Christ, the Lord and Saviour of the world.' 'Ah, you have indeed an illustrious Father. But what are your names?' 'Our names are Virginity, Wisdom, and Prophecy; and we come to leave thee no more, to love thee with an incorruptible love.'"

As seen typically in a case like this, conversion means to the psychologist, the first clear glimpse of an ideal with the accompanying emotional ecstasy, and it is therefore a normal, and may even be an oft-repeated, experience of adolescence. The sociologist, on the other hand, is interested in observing and regulating the sources from which are derived the ideas and images of perfection, that fuse and unify into an ideal for the adolescent. Columba's ideals of Purity and Wisdom were pertinent to the adolescent phase, because they are normative ideals, determining the type and quality of personality aspired to. And, a wise selection of such ideals having been made, the best which a monkish or any other preceptor can do for the youth who is converted (using that word in the proper religious sense) is to give him a blessing and start him out on the quest of the requisite adventures and explorations. At the time of Columba, the monks had not come by the idea of sending the converted adolescent out as a mounted policeman dedicated

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to the service of the Virgin Mother, with a warrant for the rebuke of all unrighteous, lewd, and heathenish persons. Still less had they thought out the further refinement of a quest in which the adventuring searcher should be both a monk and a knight. But the moral necessity of the advance from the personal quest to the social mission was understood and provided for.

The Pauline form of mission and the Pauline ideal of a Community linked not by Law but by Love, had special grounds of appeal to the Irish. It continued and developed pastoralist traditions in a way particularly applicable to clan customs. The caravan form of attack, as necessarily also that of the clans, is a swift and sudden descent—preferably upon the rich cities of law-abiding property owners. That was the Pauline form of mission: a spiritual raid. St. Peter, the fisherman and stern nautical disciplinarian, was the organiser of congregations and the founder of a hierarchised priesthood. St. Paul, the contemplative but passionate traveller, was the deliverer of a burning message—the shepherd's doctrine of love and the shepherd's philosophy of history. It would define the sociological status of St. Paul, to say that he generalised Jerusalem; and to generalise dynamic truth is to democratise moral power and privilege. St. Paul's generalisation transformed a cumbersome body of esoteric truths into a magic tool for all the world to use. Thereafter every one could—under certain conditions—be his own saint; every city, every village, might be its own Jerusalem. The ideal of the saint, and the Utopia of the holy city, had become common human assets, for the secret of the process was revealed.

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The general social inheritance was enriched to that extent.

The Pauline doctrine and ideals, already transmitted through three or four generations from senescent monk to adolescent novice, had, before the time of Columba, wrought great changes in Ireland. The formal distinction of a half pastoral clan society, is that the relations of members to one another and to their chiefs, are personal and moral rather than economic and political: in other words, are "spiritual" rather than "temporal." Hence the adaptability of such a society to the spiritual type of community upheld in the Pauline ideal. And, with the custom already set in for clan chiefs to become abbots, with the clansmen grouped round in a loose monastic formation, Ireland was obviously on the way to a unique experiment in spiritual government. To the many varieties of Christians which Professor Bosanquet enumerates (there are, he says, Hebraic Christians, Hellenic Christians, Roman Christians, Pagan Christians, and even Christian Christians), there should be added mediæval Irish Christians. An interesting Irish variation, and one which doubtless facilitated the absorption and transmission of Pauline ideals, was the custom of the *Anmchara*. In the usage of the Celtic Church, confession was made to the abbot, not in private but "in the presence of all," and the abbot enjoined penance and gave absolution. But for positive guidance in thought and conduct, every one looked to his *Anmchara*, or soul-friend. As spiritual guardian, the soul-friend would mediate between the individual and the stock of ideals of which he was an heir, but not a possessor, until due

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preparation had done its work upon him. So general was this custom, that a popular maxim, possibly of the time of St. Bridget (a generation before Columba), declares that "a man without a soul-friend is like a body without a head."

Under the Pauline regime, the half pastoral, half free-booting clans were being gradually broken in, to a life of labour and of peace, and to the idea that a clansman of an adjacent valley was a neighbour to be loved rather than an enemy to be pillaged ; and the continuance and extension of this Pauline work of regeneration in Ireland constituted, in fact, the first mission of St. Columba and his collegian associates.

During this mission phase of his life, Columba founded not less than thirty-seven churches in Ireland, most of them with monastic institutions attached. Another member of the Columban group—Comgall—founded an even larger number of churches. Another, St. Brendan, also founded monasteries, but first of all he became obsessed by the old Mediterranean dream of an island paradise in the far western ocean. And, like a well-trained monk, he rested not from the quest of transmuting his dream into deed. He became a sailor-monk, and made a series of daring voyages westwards into the Atlantic, being once gone into the strange world of waters for full seven years. There is evidence, as a fact, that he penetrated as far as the Canaries. Transmuted through legend and history, his quest became a part of the rich inheritance of ideals that was to inspire a still greater dreamer. "I am convinced," wrote Columbus, "that the terrestrial paradise is in the island

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of St. Brendan which nobody can reach, except by the will of God." Through this line of transmission, the sixth century visionary, St. Brendan, thus persists as a living force of our own times. For he enters into the composition of one of the patron saints of America, whose effective Trinity to-day is, it has been perspicuously remarked, St. Columbus, St. Washington, and St. Buncombe. Let the Americans cultivate the Brendan strain in their stock, and they will discover the cause and the cure of their unvisionary restlessness, which is the malady of a questless people—that is, a people whose ideals are arrested at the adolescent stage. Vacillation begins where vision ends. The American type, so far from being the most modern and "unique" (as their journalists claim), is one of the oldest and commonest. It proliferates ubiquitously. It reappears in every social group throughout history. The Columban specimen was one Cormac, a member of the little brotherhood which started out from the monastery of Clonard on the quest-mission of converting Ireland to Pauline ideals. Cormac adventured out bravely with the others, but arrest overtook him at the initial stage of the quest. In fact, his life went in looking for a suitable spot for a monastery! His disease was what monastic therapeutics knew and treated under the name "Babylonian Malady"—rediscovered by recent psychology as the general disease of adolescence and called *Dementia Praecox*.

Columba's biographers have expended much pains and ingenuity in explaining his exile from Ireland to Iona. The bloody battle of Culdremhne was doubtless in part due to Columba's resentment and vindictiveness. Hence

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arose the theory of his excommunication and banishment to a heathen land, with the imposed penance of converting to Christianity a soul for every man slain at the battle of Culdremhne. This need not be disputed. But it takes many causes to make one event. Columba at this period was no longer a shepherd boy, but neither was he yet a saint. He had passed into the forties and was closing a period of life that had been, and normally is, full of activity. With what happens at such a juncture to the ordinary middle-aged man who has had neither a quest nor a mission, we are not here concerned ; he is an irretrievably lost soul, as Paul hinted, Augustine demonstrated, and Calvin confirmed. But even the man who has enjoyed the discipline of a quest and a mission, is not necessarily saved. There is at every critical life-stage a Siege Perilous, with its tempting invitation to those whose special merits make them an object of the devil's desire. The siege perilous of the mature knight is the cushioned armchair of comfort, allotted to the virtuous. Columba doubtless at this period of his life detected himself falling into the habit of putting off his slippers later in the morning and putting them on earlier in the evening. He detected himself talking to the brethren less of their future and more of his past. He detected himself stealing more and more of the working day for his dreams. And here his monastic training came to his rescue. The monastery was above all else a regulator of dreams. This it effected by its regimen and its ritual of the day, of the week, of the season, of the year, and of the life cycle. Taking over those primal pastoral institutions—the Quest, the Mission, and the Pilgrimage—Monasticism

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refined and adapted these as specialised correctives of the tendency to fall into excessive subjectivity, which is the besetting sin of man at each of the three great crises of his life cycle. The remedy consisted in giving the patient an increase of objective images, by sending him out to observe and travel in a new world, and to labour therein for a new ideal, one chosen in appropriate adjustment to the age, the powers, and the previous training and record of the patient.

The pilgrimage to Rome was a journey at once of discipline and of stimulus to a holy city. But Rome, we have to remember, was made holy not so much by the Pope living there, as by St. Peter dying there. The Pope was but the custodian of Peter's tomb, and the pilgrims' conduit of Petrine ideals. And when the conduit became choked, as it recurrently did, with the golden garbage of the Vatican, the papal spell ceased to work. As Innocent III. was one day watching the papal coffers being filled with the gold of Peter's pence, he remarked to Thomas Aquinas, "Passed are the days when the chief Pontiff had to say, 'Silver and gold have I none.'" "Yes, Holy Father," replied St. Thomas, "and passed are the days when the chief Pontiff could say, 'Arise and walk!'" The papal miracle worked just so far as the Pope could transmit the ideal that awoke and inflamed the heart of the pilgrim. If it failed, and the disappointed pilgrim was no amiable senescent, but that adolescent firebrand Martin Luther (who made his pilgrimage to Rome at the youthful age of twenty-eight), what wonder that he should return home with the idea that made the Reformation—to every Region its own Rome. The

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supply of holy cities, is to be sure, limited, but the truth in the Lutheran doctrine is that every place where an ideal is evoked is made holy thereby.

Two of the greatest of historic pilgrimages were made within the walls of a jail—Bunyan's fourteen years' pilgrimage to the City Celestial, and Campanella's twenty-seven years' flight to the City of the Sun. Between these and the Sunday afternoon walk of suburban paterfamilias to his mother's resting-place in the neighbouring cemetery, there are many varieties of pilgrimage, objective and subjective. But there is one which may be taken as the archtype of them all, so perfectly does it symbolise the quintessential character of the pilgrimage. Historians, unless they happen also to be poets, generally misunderstand the significance of events. And so we need not take the historians quite at their word, when they tell us it was penance for the murder of the Red Comyn that prompted the dying Bruce to commit his heart to be carried on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land by his soul-son Douglas. Rather let us look at it as the consummating act of a heroic life, symbolic of its unity, and therefore holy. Do we not see here the selfless senescent making the supreme sacrifice to transmit to posterity his ideals through an emotional impulse given to a picked and trained successor? This vicarious pilgrimage of an old man's disembodied heart, initiating the mission of a successor, seems almost too beautifully symbolic of the mode of social inheritance to be historical. But the discovery of the excised breast-bone, when Bruce's skeleton was disinterred last century at Dunfermline Abbey, establishes the literal truth of the

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record. Nature, as Aristotle remarked, is not episodic like a bad tragedy. She is, indeed, always moving towards a romantic *denouement*. Her successive failures to reach that climax make up the history of idealism.

Where did Robert the Bruce get his ideals? He certainly had a poor stock to start with. His wife, with unerring conjugal insight, described him in his early days as "a summer night." There were three phases in his career. His vacillating, because questless, youth ended at thirty, his father's death then awaking him to the need of spiritual guidance. He had the good sense to put himself in the hands of Bishop Lamberton, of St. Andrews, who had been the spiritual guide of Wallace. The bishop made a man and an idealist of Bruce by sending him out to continue and complete Wallace's mission of liberation : one of the greatest of missions, because it preserved the most precious indigenous possession of Western Europe—its stock of Celtic ideals—against the obliterating hands of Anglo-Norman pirates, who did not enter these things in their loot inventories (Domesday Books), and would have destroyed them without a sense of loss. The third phase of Bruce's career was a brier senescence of pious and constructive statesmanship, of which the best feature was his training of spiritual successors like Douglas ; and the worst, his failure to see that one of these was his proper heir in the kingship. The last lust of the flesh is its inability to distinguish between organic descent and social inheritance ; its eternal refusal to recognise that ideals are transmitted by the spirit and not by the body.

If we ask whence, in turn, Bishop Lamberton, of St.

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Andrews, derived the ideals with which he inspired Bruce, we are on the way back to Iona, with which St. Andrews is in direct filiation, having received its ecclesiastical foundation from the Columban monastery of Iona, probably in the lifetime of Columba and possibly by the saint himself. Next to Iona itself, St. Andrews is the most venerable culture-capital of Scotland. And to say the names of these—Iona and St. Andrews—is to resume the spiritual history of that country, to which the things of the spirit have perhaps meant more than to any other in Western Europe. These have been the twin citadels of Scottish idealism.

The early Christian biographers of Columba account for Iona as the place of his exile by the fact that, as he sailed away north-east from Derry (Londonderry), Iona was the first island from which his beloved Ireland could not be seen; and at Iona, therefore, he was dispensed from the visual temptation to return to his native land. That, maybe, was one of the disciplinary elements in his pilgrimage. The early Christian biographers, however, omit to record, or pass lightly over, the fact that Columba was not the first apostle of culture—even, perhaps, of Christian culture—to settle in Iona. There is evidence to show that Iona was one of the holy places of Druidic tradition, and that the two "bishops," whom Columba found established there, were half-Christianised Druids. The situation and configuration of the island designed it for that combination of cemetery and observatory, which made the first temples of primitive pastoral and peasant peoples. A coastline combining the perfection of bold, rocky cliffs and gently sloping beaches, with

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miniature natural harbours ; a few square miles of forest (now wholly cleared) and pasture (now largely choked with weeds) ; a central plain, gently rising out of the sea and broken by two eminences, a minor one crowned by a circle of stones (the primitive Druidic cemetery and sanctuary—now all disappeared), and the other a conical hill, 330 feet in height and of easy and rapid accessibility from the plain to the summit, from which is presented, to north, south, and east, an almost incomparable panorama of ever-changing sea and sky, mountain and moor, and to the west the unbroken horizon of the ocean, expectant of the setting sun ; *these* are the geographical characteristics of Iona, which a priest of contemporary science (writing in the “Encyclopædia Britannica”) calls “its deficiency in natural features of special interest.” The priests of primitive science presumably found it otherwise. The hill of Iona was apparently one of those natural observatories where generations of patriarchs, under the alternating stimulus of observing the heavens and meditating by the graves of the dead, developed traditions eventuating on the one hand in the practical astronomical discoveries of years, seasons, months, &c., and on the other in the elemental religious symbolisms, which relate Man to Nature. The name Iona distinguishes it from the innumerable other islands of Scoto-Irish seas, for it means *the* island. Amongst the Scottish highlanders it has been known as “the island of the Druids.”

Thus it is clear that in going to Iona Columba was making a pilgrimage in which there were evocatory elements both cosmic and human ; the one of deep

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natural intensity and the other of remote tradition. The antagonism between Celtic Christianity and Celtic Druidism was, as always between the outgoing and incoming faith, more a matter of terminology and ceremonial than of spirit and ideal. And, in any case, the call of Iona was perhaps quite as much to Columba the bard as to Columba the monk.

How stimulating was the evocatory appeal of Iona to Columba, is disclosed in his thirty-four years of labours in Scotland. What, then, did Columba do in Iona? He did what the active type of monk aspired everywhere to do. It is true that the active type of monk has not been familiarised to our Protestant imaginations as some other types, which lent themselves more readily to the purposes of moral or theological brickbat-throwing. At best we know, and pass by with commiseration, such innocuous examples of the passive type as St. Peter of Alcantara, who lived many years in a Carmelite monastery without knowing whether the oratory had a carved oak roof or a plain ceiling. But the good man Peter, when all is said, is merely the monk arrested at the quest stage, and the extreme form of him is called a hermit. The normal monk, however, had a different end, if not different objects. He eventuated in the abbot, who, in the Celtic order of monastery, was both secular and a regular—a bishop as well as an abbot. The ideal of the Celtic abbot was to be at once a priest and a philosopher, a statesman and an educator. It was his task and his ambition to transform his region into a heaven on earth. His monastic settlement he aspired to build into a city dispensing with both the policeman and the lawyer. In

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fact, he anticipated Professor Geddes in the discovery of Eutopia.

Columba's work in Iona looked to the care both of the place and the people. He conserved the forest. He introduced the culture of fruit trees and of bees, and improved the stock of the island. He shortened the time between seed-time and harvest. He organised the fishing and navigation. He drained the bog between the observatory and the cemetery hills, dammed up the water in a lake and ran it down the ravine to turn the millwheel of his monastery. The piety of the moderns has "restored" the post-Columban cathedral, and likewise the bog. He tended the sick, comforted the afflicted, admonished and advised the erring, and was a holy and wholesome terror to evil-doers. He took special pains to exclude from his island citadel all persons of bad character. But the chief purpose of the island monastery was to train the successive bands of missionary monks who sallied forth—often with Columba at their head—into the islands and mainland of Pictish Scotland, and established therein a network of monastic settlements (*i.e.*, radiating foci of practical idealism) which owed allegiance to Iona and looked to it for inspiration.

The pilgrimage to Iona was thus eminently successful in restoring to Columba the energy needed to correct the impending hyper-subjectivity of senescence. But the practical virtues do not make a saint. By what discipline of the body and by what thaumaturgy of the soul did Columba, that masterful and successful servant of God, eradicate his two besetting sins of pride and vindictiveness? Until he had transformed the one into

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humility and the other into love, he could be no saint, but only saintly. This apparently he had not wholly achieved some ten years after he landed in Iona. It was then he made a journey to Ireland to attend the National Convention which reformed the Bardic order. In recognition of Columba's services, the chief bard composed a song in his honour, the flattery of which excited such visible self-satisfaction in Columba that one of his monks openly reproved him for a display of pride. Theologians were psychologists in those days, and we may believe the observing monk when he said he saw "a sombre cloud of demons flying and playing round Columba's head."

A defect—or at least a dangerous quality—in youth, humility, is an indispensable element in the sanctity of age; otherwise how could the saint pass the crucial test of universal love—the loving of those who despise and slight you? Because humility is so contrary to the nature of the male animal, as a creature of display, the saint seeks its achievement as the final triumph of the spirit over the flesh.

Columba, it is said, could even in his old age outwalk and outrun an ordinary man. He kept the body in perfect training. His muscles were the adequate servants of his will. That is the first condition of realising an ideal. In the transmutation of dream into deed, there is a dead point of inertia, to overcome which requires heroic effort. The ecstasy of feeling which the vision of the ideal produces, fades into the lethargy of inaction, unless there are tense muscles awaiting the command of the will, to carry the aspiration into act and make real the dream. It is now that juvenile gymnastics find their

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final justification and their supreme use. The muscular polish of the gymnasium, at first consciously sought as the ceremonial preparation for an adolescent quest to be presently adventured in the eyes of the world, becomes servant at last to the strong will of the old man, determined to project his ideal into a reluctant world.

There is another primary bodily condition of idealism about which all the psychologists of sanctity are agreed. "All the saints have entered upon the path of perfection by the mortification of the taste," said St. Leo. "Whoso desires to make progress in perfection should begin by mortifying the taste," said St. Andrew Avelin. In the therapeutics of sanctity it is not the eye, the ear, the nose, the fingers that have to be mortified, but the palate. The impressions conveyed through the other senses have to be controlled and cultivated, those of taste all but eliminated. No more cakes and ale for the good monk who has proceeded to sainthood! And concurrently with this mortification of taste, there develops an increased keenness of the other senses. St. Augustine would only eat out of a silver spoon. St. Philip Neri could never bring himself to drink out of any but his own particular glass. Both these instances are of course refinements of tact—of an exquisite sense of cleanliness become spiritual—not of mere taste. St. Francis was so ravished by music as to become unconscious of pain. St. Bernardine of Siena was herself so responsive to the pure joy of flowers, and so believed in their religious value, that she made a ritual of distributing flowers gathered by her own hand. A tender and intense sensibility is the leading psychic characteristic of

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sanctity. St. Bernard could not attend a stranger's funeral without shedding tears. The tenderness of the typical saint to animals and children is too well known to need illustration.

Alike in the mortification of his taste and in his cultivation of, and responsiveness to, other sensuous impressions, such as music and scenery, Columba was a typical saint. In Iona he maintained his bodily activity at its optimum, on a diet of oat-cakes, barley scones, and spring water. The poverty of his diet was compensated by the richness of the impressions he daily absorbed from the music of the liturgy, and from sky and sea as he walked the shore or climbed the high hill to see the sun setting in the western ocean. The poems attributed to him well show his appreciativeness of Nature. One (with manifest Druidical leanings) begins :—

“Alone am I on the mountain,
O royal sun ; prosper my path,
And then I shall have nothing to fear.”

To the regularity of routine, upon which modern hygienists so much insist as the secret of productivity, monastic hygiene added other vital conditions. These were prayer, ritual of worship, systematised alternation of cloistered dream and active deed, and finally the presence of an ideal acknowledged as essentially trophic—*i.e.*, not only as a source of impulse, but literally as sustenance of the soul. Columba, it is said, prayed two hundred times a day. Most of these invocations of the ideal were not vocal but mental prayers—*i.e.*, silent concentrations of the mind upon an ideal ardently desired.

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This process of self-culture has been rediscovered by modern hypnotism as auto-suggestion. There is, however, this difference between the mediæval abbot and the modern hypnotist—that the former, if not a master of the process, yet was a competent journeyman, while the latter is hardly more than a fumbling apprentice. Suggestion and auto-suggestion can serve effectively as instruments for the higher education of the mind, just so far as they are utilised to build up a type of character adjusted to a social order which has the sanction and the impulse of accredited ideals. Lacking an integrated system of ideals personal, social, historical, and even cosmic (for man is a part of Nature), the hypnotists and all the other fragmentary specialists of mental hygiene are like a group of blind masons building a house without a plan, and stopping every now and then to call for an architect, who is not there. And—to push the metaphor further—to expect that routine can replace ritual is to assume that the blind masons will build the house and a cathedral also.

Given a certain inheritance of ideals, given an inherited ritual and symbolism (the spiritual block and tackle of life), given Iona with its situation, natural features, and its implied round of daily occupations—given all these, Columba was able in his old age to simultaneously re-make himself and make a social order congruent with his personality. To state the process accurately, one has to say that Iona and its monastic family made Columba, and Columba—himself inheriting, developing, and transmitting the ideals of Celtic Christianity—made Iona and its monastic family.

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In the following picture from Adamnan, illustrative of the inter-relations of Columba and his monks, the details may be taken as literal transcription of actual emotions :—

“During one of the last summers of his life, the monks, returning in the evening from reaping the scanty harvest of their island, stopped short as they approached the monastery, suddenly touched with strange emotion. The steward of the monastery, Baithen, the friend and future successor of Columba, asked them, ‘Are you not sensible of something very unusual here?’ ‘Yes,’ said the oldest of the monks, ‘every day at this hour and place I breathe a delicious odour, as if all the flowers in the world were collected here. I feel also something like the flame of the hearth, which does not burn but warms me gently; I experience, in short, in my heart a joy so unusual, so incomparable, that I am no longer sensible of either trouble or fatigue. The sheaves which I carry on my back, though heavy, weigh upon me no longer; and I know not how, from this spot to the monastery, they seem to be lifted from my shoulders. What, then, is this wonder?’ All the others gave the same account of their sensations. ‘I will tell you what it is,’ said the steward; ‘it is our old master, Columba, always full of anxiety for us, who is disturbed to find us so late, who vexes himself with the thought of our fatigue, and who, not being able to come to meet us with his body, sends us his spirit to refresh, rejoice, and console us.’”

Here we have a picture of a social order, which, of its type, is relatively perfect. The old abbot’s love for his monks is so real, so wonder-working, as to impart to them that joyous energy of the spirit, which works without fatigue, and experiences without suffering. When he did not accompany them at their labours in the fields, Columba himself performed the menial office of washing the brethren’s feet on their return to the monastery. It

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is not hard to believe that this duty, built into a habit by thirty years' practice, went a long way towards curing Columba of his pride.

For the psychologist, pride and humility are alike responses to stimulus repeated into habit, hardened into character; in short, they are tricks of a performing animal, upon a higher scale of life and with wider references. The saint is a person who by practice has got the trick or faculty of humility to a certain unusual degree of perfection; and he differs from the manual conjurer in that he has for audience, just God and himself. His image of perfection is, therefore, always a Sunday ahead of him. For on that day of physical rest and psychic stimulus the cerebrum of the saint re-integrates its power after the experimental strivings of the week, and the resulting vision of a higher perfection makes the sabbatical day a holy one. The ideal is therefore unattainable, simply because it is always being pushed in front of him, by the practising idealist.

Humility and all the other virtues of the saint are but preliminary to the culminating quality—the supreme secret of sanctity—love. And that here, too, the process is one of approximating attainment by the infinite gradations of cumulative practice, there is an overwhelming mass of biographical evidence to show. Love, to revert to the sure ground of psycho-physiology, is the prize trick of Nature's pet animal. Sarasate, when asked the secret of his success, replied, "Practising six hours a day since twelve years of age." If it takes that to make a first-rate fiddler, need it be wondered that you can only become a perfect lover by practising all day, every day

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of a long life. Sanctity is the perfecting of love by a lifetime of willing (*i.e.*, heroic practising) to see oneself in others. "He to-day, I to-morrow" (*ille hodie, ego cras*) is the maxim of the saint in face of every sort of evil-doer. It was the compassion which pardons because it understands, that made St. Bernardine of Siena visit a murderer in his cell and spend the night before his execution with his head resting on her breast. Act as though you loved your neighbour, and the love will come—that was the saint's impelling idea, now being recovered by contemporary psychology as a theory of the emotions, though like many of the other recent discoveries of psychology, it is in Kant, who, in the "Metaphysic of Ethic," says we must do good to our fellows not because we love them, but in order that we may love them. The corresponding sociology was summed in St. Catherine's phrase, "Our neighbours are given to us to prove our love of God."

Love, like the blacksmith's arm, is made by practice. But it differs from all other exercise, in that it is of the whole body and soul. The will to love is the will to grow holy, *i.e.*, to integrate into sanctity and stand righteous towards every human and divine relation. Hence the practice of love is without the defects or the specialisms, whose virtue implies a forgetting and a neglect. It has its own qualities, and these are extraordinary. It knows not fatigue. "We tire of thinking, and we tire of acting, but we never tire of loving," said a modern saint unrecognised by Rome. "Love feeleth no burden, thinking nothing of labours, would willingly do more than it can, complaineth not of impossibility,

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because it conceiveth that it may and can do all things." St. Thomas à Kempis, in saying this, was uttering neither platitude nor poetry. He was simply generalising the concrete, common experience of the saintly life.

The association of sanctity with sadness, is an illusion fostered by an age which confuses happiness with pleasure, and suffering with pain. On the contrary, the saints of history and of fact have been masters of a serene happiness. Their thaumaturgy of the soul, while it turned base suffering into shame, yet transmuted noble suffering into joy.¹ It is laid down in the papal ordinance on beatification that joy is an essential condition of sanctity. "I fear," wrote Teresa, "nothing so much as to see my daughters lose this joy of the soul."

The love of the saints is a creative force. It creates an idealised image of the self not in one other person (as does the profane lover), but in all other persons. A certain impulse and desire to live up to this ideal is, by the contagious hypnotism of sanctity, imposed both on the saint and on all his circle. To many of the circle the desire is a burden to be evaded; to others it is a standard to strive after intermittently; to the saint it is

¹ The saints sought suffering, not, as many hagiographers seem to think, for its own sake, but because its intolerable torment drives a sensitive and unselfish nature to find the cause in a personal imperfection. Joy comes with the discovery of the defect, the resolve to amend it, and the movement into a more exalted activity. The *élan* of a growing perfection is a by-product of suffering. It suggests an optimism of psycho-pathology.

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a means of repeated rapturous ascents in the scale of being, and at each new-reached height he thrills to a vision of more evolved perfection coming into view. The explosive joy of attainment is but the liberation of energy to create a more exalted ideal. In the intervening period of rest, more material is absorbed from the ideals of the past by study, observation, meditation, and gentle exercise in good works. Progress in sanctity is thus by a series of ecstasies alternating with quiescent states. The state of "mental prayer" which characterises the subjective life of the saint is of two kinds. There is the prayer of quiet, which in calm unconsciousness integrates memories and impressions of perfection into an ideal; and there is the prayer of rapturous mystical incorporation of the ideal. The state of mental prayer increasingly monopolises the dream-life of the saint. Suarez, who tried nobly but in vain to be a mediæval saint in the seventeenth century, divided his day into three equal parts. He took eight hours for work and study, eight hours for mental prayer, and eight hours for sleep, meals, and recreation.

The mental prayer so prized by all the saints meant passive communion or active intercourse with the God who symbolised their own stock of ideals, inherited and personal. There is a pungent saying of Teresa that "he who abandons mental prayer does not need devils to goad him to hell! He goes there of himself." In other words, if you do not habitually dream of ideals you may be sure you are dreaming of vice.

Love, when it looks to the past, is re-creative; when

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it looks to the future, is creative. By the first miracle the ideals of the past live again ; by the second they are unified in a new personality, implanted in the hearts of contemporaries, and transmitted to posterity. The body of the idealist is born ; his soul is made. The world of matter is energetic, the world of life is demiurgic, but the saint creates for himself a world which is theurgic. The ideals of his personality, the heaven of his religion, become his real world. He laughs at decay and almost triumphs over death. The saints die, loving, working, praying to the last moment. Columba is quite the typical saint in the manner of his death. He was in his cell making a transcription of the Psalter. He had got to Psalm xxxiii., and after writing the verse, "Those who ask of the Lord shall want no good thing," he laid down his pen and said, "Let Baithen" (his nominated successor in the abbacy) "finish the rest." This was on a Saturday evening. He attended the vigil service of the church on Saturday night. Returning to his cell, he dictated to the brethren a last message of love and exhortation to peace and charity. When the midnight bell called the monks to the matins of the Sunday festival, Columba rose, and, struggling into the church, got as far as the altar. There he sank, and raising his hand in blessing and "turning his eyes to his children on either side with a look full of serene and radiant joy," he expired. "His hand dropped, the last sigh came from his lips, and his face remained calm and sweet like that of a man who in his sleep has seen a vision of heaven."

There is no need to doubt the facts. Innumerable

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other saints of more authentic record have achieved similar deaths. As the greatest of emperors died standing, so the saint dies kneeling. But, whether we accept the facts or not, let us agree in attributing significance not to the historicity of the record, but to the imagination which pictures such a departure as an ideal. For such an image impelled by love can, in a particular *milieu*, create its own realisation and ensure its transmission to posterity. "It is the property of love to change the soul into the thing which it loves" is one of the master maxims of hagiography.

Whence comes the original impulse to the saintly love? That is a question for the mothers. But meantime the sociologist has a start-point in seeing, in the poetic surge of adolescence, the urge of all the lovers, all the mothers, of the race. It was just here where the old religions took hold. It is just here where modern education lets go.

Aware that man is an altruist, just in so far as he is a lover, the founders of the old religions utilised the exultation of love, as a spring-board for religious idealism. Now the characteristics that mark off religious ideals are two. In the first place, the imagined and desiderated state of perfection is located in the remote future; *i.e.*, it is something not to have or to do, but to arrive at. And in the second place, a prolonged discipline of self-sacrifice is exacted as the price of achievement; it is the daily toll that must be paid by the traveller towards perfection. Whence were derived the ideas and the images which went to constitute the state or religious perfection? Where was found the emotional intensity that could

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unify these ideas and images into an ideal of irresistible compulsion ?

Dante's Paradise was derived from many sources, only some of which we can distinctly trace. One of the known sources was the "Vision" of that same St. Brendan¹ who contributed to the inspiration of Columbus. But in its main elements and outlines it was taken from the "Summa" of the great Dominican monk, whose synthesis again was built from innumerable visions of perfection, accumulated from countless generations of Christian and pre-Christian dreamers. In short, the heaven of the Christian as of other religions was the means by which the Future, as imagined by idealists of the past, determined the life of each passing generation of believers at the moment of awakening youth, and continued in many cases—supremely so in Dante—to guide and condition their career. And whether it be the White Rose of Isis and the wisdom of Hermes, or the smile of Beatrice and the insight of St. Bernard, that lift and guide the aspirant through the stages of the utopic world, it is always, in the great culture religions, the pure and beautiful woman and the venerable seer, who evoke and direct the latent idealism of youth. The hypnotism of sex is the moral agent of the cosmos for the transmission either of ideals or of sin. Whether it be efficient for the one or the other depends

¹ St. Brendan was thus present not only at the discovery of America in the fifteenth, but also at the liberation of Italy in the nineteenth century, for the flooding of Italy with cheap editions of Dante was one of the spiritual factors in Italian regeneration.

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mainly on the previous education of the lovers; and hence the ritual of religion has been so largely directed to implanting in the minds of both sexes the image of an ideal lover. But here the educational problem had to be faced, that while it was not difficult to fall in love with this image, it was very difficult to continue in love with it. The solution attempted was to envelop the secular life with a religious life, which by a ritual synchronising with and symbolising the cosmic rhythm of night and day, month, season, year and cycle, committed the worshipper to a recurrent *élan* not dissimilar in its psychic values, to an almost unceasing falling in love. Therefore, with their success or their failure in harmonising their cosmic symbols and their human ideals, are associated the historic triumphs and downfalls of the culture religions. The greater their success the more complete was the social transmission of ideals, and therefore the more self-determining the society; the greater the freedom of the individual because the more complete his action in transmuting dream into deed.

The grand generalisation of St. Bernard, "Love is the lever of the Soul," means, in the language here used, that the evolution of idealism in the race is paralleled in the individual by the cultivation of love as a means of transmitting and developing the racial ideals.

Through the adoration of an idealised woman, the youth of one generation may have their lives adjusted to the requirements of the next in succession. But, transmitted through the venerable seer, ideals may shape a generation towards adjustment to a remote future. The prestige of the prophet at once loved and venerated

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gives him a hypnotic power of suggestion capable of realising, in the conduct of his disciples and their successors, certain ideals by the mere prediction of them as coming events.

The love which the saint evokes is thus creative of souls in the pattern of his ideal. The designation of the aged Columba as "Commander of Souls" (*animarum dux*) describes his type with literal accuracy. There was a normal use of prophecy by the saints, which was not merely to foresee but also to create the conditions of its own fulfilment. By his visions the saint foresaw, by his prophecies he performed his miracles. Thus the day before his death Columba used the remnants of his strength to climb to the top of the observatory hill. And from there, looking out over the whole island, he lifted up his hands to pronounce this prophetic benediction: "This little spot so small and low shall be greatly honoured, not only by the Scots kings and people, but also the foreign chiefs and barbarous nations, and it shall be venerated even by the saints of other Churches." This was no boastful prediction, but an expression of Columba's proper determination to ensure the transmission of his ideals to posterity.

For several centuries after Columba's death, Iona was the most venerated sanctuary of North-Western Europe. The pilgrimages to Iona, which ceased about the time of the Reformation, were resumed by Dr. Johnson, whose saying has been so often quoted: "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow

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warmer among the ruins of Iona." Dr. Johnson paid the memory of Columba the compliment of sailing those seas in a fishing-boat, encountering storms, which once nearly killed Boswell with fright and sickness. The contemporary pilgrim takes the steamer from Oban if the day happens to be fine. Otherwise he sacrifices, not unwillingly, that particular coupon and resumes his circular tour on the mainland.

There never perhaps has been in Europe, in the past two thousand years, so much travel of the man of leisure, so little by the man who works with his hands—so few pilgrimages, so many futile missions. While, as for the quest, that has been reduced in the modern city to a function of leisure by the male devotees of Wagnerian opera, who perform their adventures vicariously, at several removes, and in "fauteuils upholstered by Maple."

But what if all this movement, so largely aimless, misdirected, and misguided, is itself a groping for ideals! The uplooking love of youth does still idealise the maiden of its choice, and so continues the ideal of the Holy Family; the outlooking love of the adult does here and there prolong the romance of life into public service, and so continues the ideal of the Holy Record; the far-looking love of old age does sometimes still achieve the complete detachment of sanctity, and continues the ideal of the Holy Place by interment in Westminster Abbey. What then is the matter? Why does the National Portrait Gallery grow so slowly? Why have the walls and windows of the village church, once the regional portrait gallery, all but ceased to add

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to their roll of saints and heroes? Why are the asylums and the prisons so numerous and so continuously filled with those who have determined their lives not by their ideals, but by their temptations? Why are the cities so crowded with soulless beings, whose lives are determined neither by their ideals nor their temptations, but by the inconsiderate tasks thrust upon them by the God Mammon, better known as Economic Necessity?

For the cause of the malady we must look to the prevailing incompleteness in the transmission of ideals. Is it not symptomatic of our time, that Montalembert's appreciation of the romance of Columba's life should have offended the historical specialist who wrote the chapter on Columba, in that Bible of Contemporary Science, the "Encyclopædia Britannica?" The encyclopædic biographer, in the warmth of his resentment, departs from the colourless correctitude of the encyclopædic style in order to opine of Montalembert's picture, "it has every merit, except that of likeness to the original." Probably this encyclopædic Historian had no Geography, as presumably the encyclopædic Geographer, whom we have seen writing on Iona in the same sacred book, had no History. How indeed can science expect to understand religion, so long as geography and history are divorced, since geography is the synthesis of the natural sciences and history the synthesis of the human sciences? Religion deals with phenomena as holy, *i.e.*, in their totality, and scientific study of it can therefore only be approached by the converging paths of History and Geography. History proper recounts the origin and development, the decay and the re-birth of ideals, and in

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the measure that it does this for all peoples at all times it becomes a Synthetic (*i.e.*, a Holy) Record. Geography may, hope to become synthetic also when it gets to the mapping of Holy Places. A great historian has said that "geography is the other eye of History." When History and Geography,¹ the two synthetic sciences, are reunited in our seats of learning, our seers will again acquire the binocular vision. And not until then can we expect them to foresee and provide new quests for our young men, new missions for our adults, and old pilgrimages or themselves.

What is the treatment for the social malady thus diagnosed? That is a different problem, but one not so impossible perhaps as it seems. The hopeful factor is that there is always an oncoming crop of uncontaminated adolescents ready to be awakened to the inheritance of ideals. Postulate in every normal adolescent a potentiality of altruistic growth continuous throughout the life cycle. Postulate the saint as no fossil, but a type evolving towards such perfected altruism. The question then arises, Can we cultivate varieties of this type which shall have the qualities and not the defects of the mediæval saints? Of the conditions of such cultivation, some, we have endeavoured to show, are known. They are these.

¹ To prevent misunderstanding of these much-abused words—History and Geography—let it be noted in illustration of the sense in which they are here to be construed, that Ruskin's "Modern Painters" is one of the inspired Books of Geography, and that Shelley's Dramatic Poems were but the preparation for a Book of Systematic History which he designed but did not live to execute.

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The awakening of love for known types of personality ; labour in a known *milieu* ; discipline by known spiritual exercises ; incorporation of known ideals. Let us then apply these principles in educational experiment if we would evoke, develop, and utilise the latent idealism of adolescence. Let us send our youths to tend sheep on the hill pastures ; let them sow and reap with the peasant in the valley ; let them plough the seas with the captains courageous of the fishing fleet ; let them range the forest with Diana (who was a woodcutter's daughter) ; let them cut stones with the quarryman ; let them build with the masons in the city ; let them cultivate flowers with Persephone (who was the daughter of a lady gardener) ; let them be exercised in all the available block and tackle of religion ; but let them not forget that, without History and Geography, the incorporation of ideals cannot be complete.

COMTE'S VIEW OF THE FUTURE OF SOCIETY

"ANXIETY for the future time disposeth men to inquire into the causes of things : because the knowledge of them maketh men the better able to order the present to their best advantage." In writing thus, Thomas Hobbes, the first systematic sociologist that England, or indeed the modern world, produced, proved himself not only the successor of Francis Bacon, but the precursor of Diderot and Comte. For this particular sentence not merely showed—as Bacon had said in so many places—that the great aim of knowledge was the advantage and better ordering of human life and society, but implied also that science, for the due performance of this office, required some foresight of the future. In order to direct our conduct, it is necessary to obtain some knowledge of how men and things act under given circumstances, or as Comte put it in a sentence even shorter than that of Hobbes, "Know in order to foresee, and foresee in order to provide." If it were not for that, if our purpose were not to draw inferences from our knowledge for the improvement of human life, social and individual, then all sociology, all study of society, would be merely an

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accumulation of useless facts, and as Diderot well said, if all facts are to be recorded independently of their utility, we should soon require another planet as a record office.

In Comte's view prevision was the true office of science, and no law was truly scientific unless it showed what would happen under particular circumstances, the necessary consequent of given antecedents. To take the first natural law which the human mind discovered, that in every triangle, the sum of the three angles is always equal to two right angles, we find there the prophecy that whatever triangle we construct, the angles will always have this relation. This prevision is exact in mathematics and astronomy. There is a story that Columbus, being refused supplies by the natives of an island he visited, took advantage of his knowledge of astronomy, and knowing that there would be an eclipse of the sun at a particular day and hour, threatened at that day and hour to blot out the sun's light unless supplies were brought to him. The natives only laughed at so idle a threat, but the eclipse came punctual to the moment, and thereafter the supplies never failed. But this extreme precision with which astronomers can foretell coming events is not found in more complicated subjects, such as chemistry. It is found still less in biology, and in sociology you can at the most see the larger tendencies of society. For instance, a botanist will tell the general life-history of a species of plant, but he will not be able to tell the exact time at which a particular specimen will reach full maturity, for this, in consequence of the extreme complexity of the forces acting on the plant, will vary within limits.

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Now in sociology you study something more complicated than even a plant or an animal. You have a society which has relations between its several parts, and each atom of which is itself a complex living organism ; so that you cannot hope to reach such precision as to be able to foretell the exact times at which events will occur, but if the study is to be of any use you must be able to discover the general direction in which society is moving.

Now sociological forecasts are of two kinds. There is first the knowledge that is derived from a study of men, and of society, and of the history of men in society. The forecasts you draw from that study are of the same nature, though not equally precise, as those forecasts or eclipses which astronomers draw from the study of the facts of astronomy. But there is another kind of forecast, forecasts of what the prophet, who makes them, believes to be advantageous for mankind. That is to say, you may either draw inferences from your knowledge of society as to what is coming about, or you may start with what you think would be desirable and assert that that will be the future of society. By so doing, by putting forward this desirable ideal and impressing it on the minds of men, you add a new force to those moulding the future and so assist in the realisation of your own prophecy. It is to this latter class of forecast that Comte limited the use of the word "Utopia." But, as a matter of fact, all Utopias, all forecasts of the social future, have contained both. Comte, as he has himself pointed out, and practically all other makers of Utopias, have combined inferences drawn from the past history of society with suggestions

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of the direction in which they considered it desirable society should develop.

It may be asked, what are the purposes with which eminent men have put forward forecasts for the future of society? I take it these purposes are three.

There is first the desire to obtain a correct estimate of the direction in which society is moving, and must move, so as to avoid useless efforts to turn it into some direction in which it could not possibly go. For instance, it may be considered as obvious that—owing to the accumulation of knowledge and the advance of science in the last three centuries, whatever form society takes in the future, it can never take the same form as it had before that accumulation of knowledge and that progress of science took place; in other words, we can never get back to the mediæval system; and, therefore, it is pure waste of effort for persons who are much enamoured of the life—in many ways the very beautiful life—led in the Middle Ages, to spend their energies in an endeavour to re-establish the mediæval state of society. Therefore men put forward forecasts of society in order to get some idea of the way society is moving, and of the limits beyond which any effort will be useless. For that they follow the scientific form of forecast.

Secondly, there is an attempt by making a forecast to find out for subsequent generations how far forecasts are possible by comparing the forecasts made in one age with the results fifty, or a hundred, or five hundred years later.

Thirdly, there is a desire to put forward as inspiring

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an ideal as is possible in that particular age in order that men may work for its fulfilment.

These purposes are to be found in most Utopias, and they are all three in Comte. Comte desired to put a high ideal before mankind, but he also desired to show mankind the way, the direction in which society is moving, and also to put forward such a forecast as would enable future generations to compare it with what actually came to pass, and thus to see how far it is possible to prophesy the social future, and to what extent sociology allows of scientific prevision.

It is quite obvious that unless the two last forms have some relation to the first, that is, are not too far away from what the study of society tells you of a possible future, they will be quite useless, and will merely lead to useless efforts. Condorcet judged from the advance of medical science and the increasing length of life that there would come a time when men would live for ever. This was an impossible ideal which it was desirable mankind should abandon as soon as possible. We may be quite certain that—whatever may be the improvement in medical science and sanitation—there will always be a limit beyond which mankind cannot pass, although that limit cannot be exactly fixed.

Comte, then, in his forecast of the social future, was endeavouring to combine two purposes—the one to lay down the main lines of future progress from a study of the conditions, constitution, and past course of human society, and the other to put before men an inspiring ideal which would move them to work actively for its realisation. The path of progress is not a

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straight line, but as it is a resultant of many forces, one of which is both powerful and constantly increasing in intensity—that is, the accumulation of knowledge and its reduction to order in science—it must approximate more or less to the path which it would pursue under that force alone. A knowledge of the direction in which society is tending will check useless divagations. Within limits a high ideal, by adding a new force to those acting on society, may change the resultant. Comte had both these ends in view. But in pursuing this double end he thought it necessary to give one caution to his readers. The second aim requires a wealth of detail which the first does not allow. A sociological forecast can only deal with general tendencies. An ideal to be effective must give a full picture of the state of society to be aimed at. The one is purely scientific, the other, though limited to what is possible in science, must really be a work of art. In giving this caution, Comte justified himself against much of the criticism that has been levelled at his scheme on the ground that it went much further into detail than was scientifically possible. It would, perhaps, have been useful if, in addition to this general warning, he had separated the two portions of his forecast, and specifically pointed out the particular points which came strictly under the head of scientific prevision. To some extent, indeed, this division depends on the subject dealt with, for it is much easier to foretell the general direction of thought or even of feeling than it is to foretell the institutions which those thoughts and feelings will use

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to attain their ends. For instance, it was obvious in the declining years of the Roman Empire that defence against the barbarians rather than conquest would be the practical work of the State for many generations. So, too, the early Christian emperors had some conception of the Church as a body independent of the State. But who, in that period, was able to conceive, who could even have understood, the institutions of the Catholic feudal world by which those purposes were achieved in the Middle Ages? The social aims of the future can be foreseen more easily than the particular institutions by which they will be accomplished.

In its main outlines, the social future to which Comte looked forward, and the presage and gradual unfolding of which he saw in the whole previous history of the race, was one wherein the human intellect would recognise the reign of natural law, and on that basis would erect a scientific philosophy, and a scientific religion, with Humanity as its centre, and the service of man as its end. Society as he conceived it was not a collection of isolated individuals, but an organism made up of nations, which were themselves composed of families. These nations were passing from a state of war to a state of peaceful industry, bound together as parts of a great whole, each bringing to the common service its own special aptitudes and powers. And within each nation the Government would no longer be carried on for the benefit of special classes and sections, but for that of the workers who form the great body of the people and whose interests must be the first con-

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sideration. A general system of higher education in the main outlines of science, open to all, would bind together the existing citizens and the successive generations of each country, and would combine with the common interests of the workers and the growing spirit of fraternity, to unite in common aims all the nations of the world.

It was equally certain in Comte's view that the separation of the Powers, of the Church depending on persuasion and the State, able in the last resort to make use or compulsion, would be carried to its full extent. Amid conflicting sects, the State should be neutral. If, as he hoped, agreement on the most fundamental problems should be ultimately reached, the province of law should be still so restricted as not to interfere with human liberty and free development. In an age of disagreement and anarchy many things have to be accomplished by force, by the police and the criminal law, which in a more settled condition of the public mind would be brought about by moral suasion or the pressure of public opinion. The religion of Humanity, resting on a scientific basis, would be, in Comte's own words, "a demonstrable religion," and as no one can be convinced of the truth or a demonstration by force, or compelled to believe a proof adequate which to his mind is not so, the spread of such a religion must of necessity be left to the free convergence of men's minds. In the future, thought, expression, teaching would be free; and a population trained in scientific method and a knowledge of realities would be in a position to recognise wise guidance, while a knowledge of history and a relative spirit would enable it to do full justice to the services of the old creeds of the past.

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On this basis, and postulating a scientific education with complete liberty of thought and teaching in a society conceived as a great whole, occupied with peaceful industry, imbued with the spirit of fraternity, consecrated by devotion to Humanity finding its expression in the active service of Man, Comte drew a detailed picture of the life that would grow up. As he descended to details, it necessarily became more subjective, more influenced by his own personality and by the peculiar aspirations and limitations of his own era, yet as we shall see, even in some of his most peculiar suggestions, as in that of the minimum wage, he took a great step forward, which the trend of subsequent thought has justified and ratified. I purpose to give some account of his proposed re-organisation of society under five heads: 1, Intellect; 2, Religion; 3, the State; 4, Industry; 5, Education.

It will be noticed that the family does not appear as a separate item. This is not because Comte was inclined to underrate its importance. Very much the contrary. He held that society was made up of families, and that the family was the natural school of the social virtues. But he considered that in its main outlines, the monogamic family as it has come down to us, strengthened and purified by Christian teaching, would remain as a permanent institution of Humanity. Only in secondary aspects would it undergo modification, and such changes as would be made would tend not to weaken it, but to still further develop its leading characteristics.

In the great transition of the last five or six centuries since the first beginnings of the decay of Catholic and

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Feudal institutions, the intellectual life of the West has proceeded along two parallel but separate lines. There has been a movement of destruction, more vehement and stormy, directed against the old ways of thought and the old institutions, and resulting in increasing disagreement, and a movement of construction, the building up of modern science, more constant and organic, resulting in a continuously increasing agreement, as one department after another has been brought within the sphere of scientific method. As Descartes put it very early in the process: "Set two people to work a sum in addition, and they will bring out the same result if they know how to do it." The movement of construction Comte thought would necessarily become more and more important, and just as it had already in many sciences produced a common belief, so that men no longer disputed over the main truths of geometry or astronomy, so in time there would be a general agreement in all the sciences, including Sociology and Ethic. Differences and discussions would exist at the growing points only in regard to new discoveries, and these would be less and less important as compared with the accumulated mass of knowledge already accepted. There was, indeed, one ominous characteristic of modern science—its growing dispersion and specialisation. It was Comte's endeavour to remedy this by a philosophy of the sciences, which should view the scientific field as a whole—a relative synthesis which would find place for new discoveries and bring them into harmony with all that was previously known. Hence would grow up a body of scientific philosophers whose wide views would counteract the dispersive tendencies of the specialists, and bring

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their work into harmony under the over-ruling idea of the subordination of all intellect and activity to the service of Man.

And this regeneration of human intellect led necessarily to the Religion of Humanity, scientific since it was grounded on realities, and abandoned the search for ultimate origins ; synthetic since it aimed at bringing life under one dominant conception, that of the great human organism, and having as its aim the direction of all energies to the promotion of human good. Out of this religion would grow, Comte believed, a church which would unite men of all nations in a common religious organisation, a new bond for the peace of the world, a worship, and a priesthood. The worship would be directed to stimulate men's minds and hearts to the performance of their social duties, by the commemoration of great men and noble deeds, by recalling the continuity of the human race in the past, its fraternity in the present, and the responsibility of each generation for the future, enforced by the united expression of common aspiration, fellowship, and communion. In especial, each of the great epochs of the individual life would be related to the public life of the community by services—nine in number—to which Comte gave the name of sacraments. The infant would be presented by his parents, who would solemnly promise to train him as a good citizen of his country, a good servant of Humanity ; the youth who was entering on and who had completed his scientific education, the man entering on the work of his life, the husband and wife exchanging their marriage vows, would all acknowledge that these

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events were not of private interest only, but concerned the whole community, of which they were a part. So, too, he who had worthily run his course would be remembered with gratitude and honour after his death.

To carry on the work of the Church, Comte believed an organised body would be necessary, and to this he gave the name of the "philosophic priesthood." His critics, dropping the word "philosophic," have insisted that he intended to revive the mediæval priesthood which held sway for so many centuries in Europe. It is sufficient reputation of this to name the qualifications and duties of the members of this organisation.

They were all to be trained in science, and one of their chief duties, and perhaps the most characteristic, was to be the teaching of all the abstract sciences in succession, in the great free schools that were to be open to all. They were, in addition, by their knowledge of the whole field of science, to keep the philosophic point of view, and check the dispersive tendencies of that specialism which is necessary for particular investigations. Not taking part in government or in industrial leadership, they were to maintain the standard of morality, both public and private, and as members of a body as international as the science on which it rested, they would be a new bond of unity between the nations. Freely recruited from the whole population by the test of scientific capacity and moral worth, that body could never become a caste, like the priesthoods of the old theocracies. There would be no compulsion to celibacy as in the Catholic Church. Grouped in colleges, each serving a wide district, the members would live among

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their equals, not as the solitary preacher set up alone before an admiring congregation, and thus the spiritual pride of the minister would not be encouraged. Comte thought that the dangers of such an organised spiritual power would be obviated by the discipline of scientific training and scientific exposition, by its exclusion from material power and by complete liberty of thought and speech, exercised by an educated people.

But while the Church was ultimately to embrace the whole human race—not perhaps in every locality the same in every detail, but always united in devotion to Humanity—the State would, in general, be reduced to smaller dimensions than it is at present. With the decline of war, the great Empires resting on force and compulsion, the large aggregates joined together for purposes of defence, would alike cease. Strong nations would no longer impose their will on weaker ones. Industry would become the chief concern of governments, to the exclusion of military affairs and of religion, owing to the recognition of the principle of the separation of Church and State. With the disappearance of war and the recognition of the separation of Church and State, governments would become less coercive, and morality would be less and less enforced by law. As the regulation or organisation of industry became more and more the chief business of the State, industrial and political institutions would become more and more of the same pattern, and the government would fall into the hands of practical men, chosen from among the industrial chiefs. When differences of opinion exist as to policy, the decision cannot be left to the expert or

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“the man on the spot.” Some means must be found—and the modern world considers democracy the best means—of discovering the strength of conflicting forces without breach of the peace, and of permitting a reversal of policy if that balance of forces is changed. But Comte looked forward to a time when there would be a general agreement on policy, owing to the knowledge of social development brought about by the progress of sociology, and to the general acceptance of a human morality based on science. With a consensus of opinion as to policy, what would be needed would be skilled administration, and such knowledge and experience as would enable the common policy to be carried out ; and therefore rulers would be chosen by those already acquainted with the work to be done, for their capacity in industrial leadership. The skill gained in the organisation of particular industries would be utilised in the service of a state whose main business would be the supervision of industry as a whole.

In his proposals for the organisation of industry, Comte aimed at the combination of two characteristics, both in his opinion vitally necessary, and yet very difficult to obtain together. Industry must be flexible, capable of speedy adaptation to new processes and changed conditions ; for the progress of science and of its applications render fixed conditions impossible. On the other hand, the workers must no longer be sacrificed to material output. They must have sufficient to live as becomes the citizens of a free country. They must have, not only food and clothing, but education in their youth, leisure and dignity in their manhood, an assumed

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position in their old age. For the first, a considerable amount of individual initiative and skill in the industrial leaders must be allowed. For the second, it is necessary that this freedom of initiative, this skill, should not be used to frustrate the public good, that the wealth which is a social product should not be diverted to purely individual ends. The classical economists gave the problem up as hopeless, and accepted the absolute or almost absolute control of the capitalist as part of the order of nature. Democratic socialists propose to use democratic machinery to secure that private greed is eliminated ; but that machinery is more useful for deciding disputed questions than for enlisting skilled administrators, and under it policy is liable to sudden fluctuations. Bureaucratic Socialists sacrifice flexibility and individual initiative without any safeguard to the workers' interests. Comte tried another method. He proposed that the organisers of industry should be treated as holding a public office, but that they should be chosen for that office by a previous holder, for merit and subject to ratification by public opinion. The provisional nomination would be made publicly some time before it was to take effect ; and the workers would be so organised that they would have no difficulty in making their opinion heard. The public administrator—for that would really be the position of the Director of Industry—would hold, not wealth inherited from an ancestor, or painfully gathered by a devotion to his own interests, but an office conferred on him with the approval of the public. In the administration of that office he would be allowed a free hand, subject to the

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restriction in some particulars of the central government and to the provision needed for the proper maintenance of the workers.

Attempting thus to combine skilled administration with a fairer division of wealth, he has conciliated none of the existing opinions, for these aim only at the satisfaction of one or other of these needs. I am far from saying that the desired result could not be brought about by other institutions; but whatever be the organisation of industry adopted in the future, both these conditions must be fulfilled. Probably the position of the workers, as Comte hoped it would be, is not very different from that which would satisfy most of those who consider that the freedom accorded to the administrators under his scheme would be abused. Maintaining the distinction—though not as a result of heredity or family connection—between chiefs or organisers and workers, he thought that the latter should be secure of a “minimum wage” sufficient to provide for the necessities of a decent life according to the standard of the civilisation of the time. Comte was, it seems, the originator of this proposal of a minimum wage (though not under that name) which is now so widely accepted. In fact, it is interesting to notice that the minimum wage was scarcely thought of when Comte wrote, whereas it is now a commonplace in all discussions on industrial organisation. But in addition to this first wage, the worker was to receive a second, depending on the prosperity of the industry. He was to possess his own house, or flat, which, of course, implies a greater industrial stability than now exists. He was to work for only five days a week. And his wages

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were to be sufficient, not only to allow of his supporting his wife and children, but his parents as well in their old age. He would have such an education as would enable him to enjoy the intellectual and artistic treasures of the race ; and he would be honoured as a useful servant of Humanity.

In the main the hard work of the outer world would be done by men, the work of the home by women. To the latter would belong the whole upbringing of children during their early years. To fit them for this great office, and to make husbands and wives true companions, women would receive practically the same intellectual training as men. This, as Comte foresaw, would make more women find their work in intellectual and artistic pursuits, and opportunity for this in the case of real competence would be freely afforded them. But these, though more numerous, would still be exceptional cases. The great mass of women would be engaged in those domestic duties, especially the care and education of the young, which they alone can fitly perform.

But for women to take their due share in the education of their children, for the workers to be able to make their opinion effective, Comte thought a general scheme of scientific education would be necessary. That would be the best guarantee against superstition and reaction, nor would it be easy to oppress or degrade an educated people. Comte, however, was very far from proposing to lay heavy burdens on the immature intellect. Till seven years of age the child would have no regular teaching. From seven till fourteen he would be taught in the home, learning from his mother, with the assist-

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ance of other women, reading and writing, drawing and singing, and gaining some acquaintance with the great masters of poetry and fiction.^{*} At fourteen, the education would be divided into two parts. The lad, as an apprentice with easy hours of labour, would learn the trade, his work in which would be his direct contribution to the service of Humanity. But besides this he would attend for the next seven years of his life—not by compulsion, but as an approved custom becoming more and more universal—a course of lectures in the seven abstract sciences, two every week in the first two years, one a week in the last five. So, too, the girls would in those years learn to assist their mothers in the home, so preparing themselves for their own career in the future, and would at the same time follow the courses in the seven sciences, precisely as the boys do, with this exception only, that from fourteen to sixteen, in view of the physical strain of those years, they would have a shorter course, requiring only one lesson per week. The first two years would be devoted to mathematics and astronomy, the third and fourth to physics and chemistry, the fifth to biology, the sixth to sociology, the seventh to morals. It may be said that this is an impossible programme—at least, while men remain as they are. Comte did not think so. Nor did he propose to wait till men's nature had changed in order to put it into practice. What he proposed to change was the method of teaching science. Instead of teaching each science, as if educating

^{*} Comte, of course, recognised that elementary schools were necessary till, in the fulness of time, a race of educated mothers had arisen.

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the class to become professors in it, he considered it sufficient to take each science as far only as would make a firm foundation for the teaching of the next. What he desired for the mass of the people was a grasp of the general principles and characteristic methods of each science, all being taught from a philosophic, not a specialist, standpoint, with the service of Man as the great final aim. For research, for the practice of medicine, for engineering, or other special careers, special training would, of course, be necessary. All would go through the general course ; those with special aptitudes would receive the training needed to fit them for particular professions. "The proletariat class," said Comte, "is not, properly speaking, a class at all, but constitutes the body of society. From it proceed the various special classes, which we may regard as organs necessary to that body."

Such was the reorganisation of society to which Comte looked forward. The course of events in the fifty-one years since his death has in some points brought us nearer to his ideal, in some points taken us farther away. He never considered that the future for which he hoped would be reached suddenly, but only after a long evolution, a transitional period having its own problems and needing its own measures. As has been already pointed out, it is easier to foretell the general purposes that will actuate our successors than the institutions that will arise in order to carry them out. In the most general of all the aims foretold by Comte—the subordination of particular interests to the common good of Humanity—there is already abundant proof that his hope will have its full fruition.

GOETHE

IN a poem called "The General Confession" (*General-beichte*) certain penitents are required to take a vow that they will wean themselves from half-measures and live resolutely in the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful. This motto, strangely translated by Carlyle, "The Whole, the Good, the True," sums up the striving of perhaps the largest life that a man ever lived—a life whose aim was Fruit, whose means Activity. It was written of another who drank of the stream of life deeply and with understanding that he spake of trees, from the cedar which is in Lebanon to the hyssop which springeth out of the wall ; also he spake three thousand proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five. From Goethe proverbs poured incessantly, and these not merely happy generalisations, but the aphorisms of a practical philosopher ; in natural science he was continually making investigations and constructing hypotheses ; in lyric song he was supreme—at least, in the opinion of Heine, no indulgent critic, and one whose praise outweighs that of a whole world beside. "The words embrace you," Heine says, "while the thought imprints the kiss." Add to these activities a long life of practical experience

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in government, education, and philanthropy, as minister, theatre-manager, and general oracle of Europe, whose published letters fill many volumes, and we have still to find room in his three-score and ten active years for what many would consider his most important work—the reconstruction of German literature.

To treat of a life of this amazing fulness in the space of a brief essay is in one sense, of course, impossible ; I shall only ask you to consider certain aspects of it in hope of being able to discover something of the direction of his striving. Alternately worshipped and depicted as a moral monster—witness Tennyson's description of the "glorious devil, large in heart and brain, that did love beauty only, or if good, good only for its beauty"—there is no possible doubt that Goethe, if any man before or since, did resolutely set himself to find an answer to the riddle of life, the secret which is the business of every thinking man, the problem of the wholeness of existence. "I desire," he writes, "to rear as high as possible the pyramid of my existence, of which the base is given and placed for me. At least, men shall say that it was boldly planned." And so the world became aware that this man of universal genius was busily engaged in "developing all that was in him," and all wondered, and many—especially English people—called his life-philosophy egoism and the philosopher a great heathen. And yet Goethe never abandoned his plan of life, nor yet ceased to think himself to be pursuing an ideal of unselfishness. "Sacred seriousness" (*heiliger Ernst*), sings the choir in "Wilhelm Meister" at Mignon's grave, "alone makes life into Eternity." With such seriousness Goethe looked

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on life steadily and as a whole ; his success must be judged by his own criterion—results (*Frucht*).

The life of Goethe divides itself naturally into three parts : first, his long and eventful youth (1749–1779), crowded with impressions and events, when he was heaping up materials from many societies and places, from many-faced Nature and the literature of many countries, which gave birth to many fugitive compositions, perished like the moods which produced them, only to re-appear in the complex of his literary manhood, and fitly ending with the Storm and Stress period which first really roused his creative genius and cleared the air for the calm conscious production of his maturity. We may reckon his first years at Weimar the time of change from youth to manhood, in this first period, which dates from his birth to the prose composition of “*Iphigenia*” in 1779, a year notable in the light of after events as witnessing the first meeting of Goethe and Schiller, but we may think indifferent to the former and unnoticed by him. From 1779 to Schiller’s death in 1805 was incomparably the most important and prolific part of his life. The years from 1805 to 1832 were years of deep study and experience as well as reminiscence, not unfruitful in fresh composition, but we feel that the stimulus is gone—the productive vigour abated. In other words, reflection has taken the place of inspiration.

Before sketching, very briefly, the history of Goethe’s youth, it is important to fix the value of the source of our chief information—the autobiographical sketch called “*Aus meinem Leben, Dichtung und Wahrheit*.” Referring to it, the author says : “Facts from our life

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are valuable not according to their individual truth but by reason of their significance." "A great confession I have attempted to make." Yes, but no laying bare of the detail of his inner life in the sense of Jean Jacques Rousseau's *Confessions*, no straining after minute exactness of episode. The work raises itself above the level of mere objective Reality. It is a picture, faithful enough we must believe, of the strongest currents of sentiment which had directed his life—sometimes inaccurate, it may be, and coloured by the film which age casts over the reflections of early years; but in the widest sense a true record of impressions and influences.

His precocious childhood ended with his entrance into the Leipsic University in 1765 at the age of sixteen. We may imagine his student life not to have varied greatly from that of most members of a large city university. For the life of the Corps brothers was substituted a round of social pleasures and intellectual companionships—the midday dining circle, the evening in Leipsic society and often a noisy convivial night—as was natural for a boy newly freed from the constraint of his stern old father's influence, and free to abandon himself to the licence of German university life. He confesses to having neglected, not only his family's aims for him, but even his own. Destined by his father for the law, he not only failed to prepare himself thoroughly for his profession, but so far lost sight of his own ideals of self-cultivation that the literary studies which he had proposed for himself degenerated into somewhat aimless dilettanterie.

"The literary epoch in which I was born," says

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Goethe in his autobiography, "was produced by a reaction against the preceding one." The German people, for nearly two centuries enslaved by French taste, had, by the victories of Frederic the Great, won, not only a national spirit, but the desire for an independent national literature worthy of the newly glorified German name. Young Germany was Prussian to the core, and Frederic's very partiality for French art and literature provoked his own subjects to win at least his notice, and ultimately his recognition and praise. In opposition to the rigour of French metre, poetic prose was cultivated; lawless German diction was substituted for the canons of French rhythm. "The Englishman says all he wants to," sneers Voltaire, "the Frenchman only says what he can" (*ne dit que ce qu'il peut*). "Our great masters have made our ears so used to the harmonies of rhyme that we could endure no other; and I repeat," he adds solemnly, "that any one who shook off the burden that the great Corneille was content to carry would be regarded, not as a bold genius who opened a new way, but as a weakling who could not support the fatigue of the accustomed course."

The usual confusion of a revolution was not wanting. "If my desultory remarks on this phase of German literature," says Goethe, "have set my reader's ideas in turmoil, he will at least realise in his own confusion the chaotic state of my own poor brains, in the conflict of the two periods, with claims of the old and strong rushes or the new influence." It was an uncertain position for one who felt within him productive power. The spirit of German liberty and gaiety (*der deutsche Frei- und*

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Frohsinn) was abroad. Nature, the Nature of Rousseau, was the object of all literary aspiration. No lack of talent, but formless, superficial talent : a sudden vigorous growth which withered soon because it had no depth of root. Away with Voltaire's classicism ; off with all bonds ; be free like Shakspeare. Even Lessing's Hamburg Lectures on the Drama forgotten. German writers would stand on their own feet.

Among the few surviving productions of this period are Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen" and "Werther's Sorrows." There came a young wit from Frankfurt, without philosophy or æsthetic, without unities or Aristotle, only with a bit of poetry (*ein bischen Poesie*) drawn from the well of the dark Middle Ages, from the heart of the people, and behold the thing was beautiful, more beautiful than anything which had gone before. Lessing shook his fist and swore vengeance in the name of German drama, but wisely let it sink again. "Götz" was the tale of a German knight whose kingdom was Hornberg, his religion his mailed right hand. We find in the drama the greatest example of the one important result of the romantic part of the Storm and Stress period—the foundation of the modern historical romance.

Together with "Werther," "Götz von Berlichingen" represents the youth of Goethe's and Germany's literature in that revolutionary emancipation from rule and convention. This is the spirit of the Genie period, and each of these compositions follows one current : "Götz" the romantic tendency as occupied with material drawn from the Middle Ages, "Werther" the sentimental tendency. The decay of the first we may trace to the poverty

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of German history, the wretchedest material, Goethe calls it, *der allerelendste Stoff*, the second was poisoned by its own extravagance ; it was from the first the unhealthy child of a false national feeling.

It is significant that Scott's earliest work is a translation of "Götz von Berlichingen." Like many of his contemporaries, Goethe searched German history for poetic material. The result was for Lessing "an impossible theatre piece" (*theatralisches Unwesen*). Wieland called it a "bewitching monstrosity" (*bezauberndes Ungeheuer*), and subsequent criticism has condemned it as a dramatic failure. We find in analysing "Tasso" that this is an inborn characteristic of Goethe's writings ; he is at heart no dramatic writer, and almost his only excellent dramatic piece, if we except "Iphigenie," whose dramatic merit is Greek, not German, is the Gretchen tragedy contained in the first part of "Faust." Goethe is true to the characteristics of his period ; "Götz" is a poetical romance.

Its unity lies in character, not in action : in the spirit of independence, which is victorious, not in the opposition of "Götz" which fails. The worth of the piece in the history of poetry lies in its weakness as a drama. Its success was the success of German revolt against French tyranny. The French poet, as Voltaire said in his Dedication of "Brutus," is in bondage to his rhymed couplet, and often is forced to express in four lines a thought for which an Englishman needs but one. The German suffered a double slavery, and whatever may be his faults as a dramatic hero, "Götz von Berlichingen" was a notable force in the tumult of revolt. Against his iron hand

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there was no standing. But, like most reactive forces, his violence was excessive and brought its own downfall. In spite of this "Götz" was the greatest popular triumph of German literature. Had its author been a Walter Scott or his country's history that of Scotland, Goethe would have poured forth for twenty years chivalrous romances. We may attribute the decay of the romantic tendency to the poverty of German history, and to the fact that only since Frederic the Great had the national spirit of Germany awoken. Scott's biographer thinks that but for "Götz" the idea might never have flashed across Scott's mind that his own legendary lore might be woven into romances, and it is important to remember that the year of Goldsmith's death was the year made notable in German literature by the astonishing success of a romantic work.

Early in 1772 Goethe went to Wetzlar, where the Imperial Court of Justice was, to study the practice of law. He became acquainted with Kestner, the Hanoverian Secretary of Legation, and his betrothed—Lotte Buff, daughter of the Steward of the Order of Teutonic Knights. The lodge was called the Deutsche Haus, and Goethe soon became friendly with the inmates. Lotte returned Goethe's passion with the warmest affection without wavering for a moment in her love for Kestner. Goethe's unhappy attachment was no secret to Albert Kestner, and no difference was made in their treatment of him. But Goethe, unsatisfied with friendship, bemoaned and plagued himself with all the aimless folly of youth. After three months of complaint and self-torment his friend Meeck persuaded him to break off

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the unhappy connection. Suddenly Goethe departed, leaving only a letter of farewell, and his experience as Werther was closed. A month later came a letter from Kestner with full news and description of the suicide of a certain young Jerusalem, occasioned by disappointed ambition and an unhappy attachment to the wife of a Wetzlar Secretary of Legation whose house he was at last forbidden. From this letter and from impressions subsequently gathered on a visit to Wetzlar, combined with his own dismal experience with Lotte, was composed "Werther's Sorrows" in 1774. "I have written a story," he says, "called 'The Sorrows of Young Werther,' in which I portray a young man gifted with deep, pure sentiment and true penetration, who loses himself in fond dreams, undermines his intellect with speculation, till at last, shaken by a cumulation of hopeless passions, chief among them an endless love, he shoots himself through the head." "I have fed this child of mine with my own heart's blood: it contains enough of my inmost life to supply material for a romance ten times as long, only once since publication have I read it, and since I have shunned a repetition. It horrified me, and I feared a recurrence of the psychological state which produced it." "It is spun," says Hermann Merivale, "from materials which consisted simply of his own heart and imagination placed in circumstances of idealised truth." The first part of the story is chiefly a reproduction of his own experience with Charlotte Buff and her betrothed, Kestner—a picture in many details so exact as seriously to mortify these two friends, who were naturally hurt to see their private family life and inmost

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thoughts exposed to all the world. "In the first part," says Kestner, "whole scenes are quite true to life, and Lotte and Albert are pictures of my wife and myself. Still, something is altered and some scenes are strange to our history. To suit the second part, for instance, Werther's relations with Lotte are represented as far more intimate than was the case. The second part has less connection with us. There Werther becomes young Jerusalem, Albert the Secretary of Legation, and Lotte his wife, with whom Jerusalem was hopelessly in love, and Jerusalem's fatal resolve was occasioned more by wounded ambition than by unhappy love." Thus strangely does Goethe combine the facts of his own sentiment and Jerusalem's tragic history, adapting the first to combine with the second and modifying the second so as to express a great part of his own imaginary sentiment. It was written with all the warmth of a passionate man whose dreams Fate had shattered, but also with the precision and experience of a physician who, recovered from a deadly disease, looks back on his sufferings. "Had Werther," says Kuns Fischer, "been a great poet or a greater artist than he was, he would have represented his sorrows as a poet and conquered them." But then he would have been Goethe, not Werther. Man frees himself from his passions when he represents them clearly and distinctly, for then he transforms his circumstances into his subjects and thereby becomes quit of them. Such was Spinoza's doctrine and practice, and this is Goethe's closest bond with Spinoza, whom he studied eagerly in 1784-6. These dates occur between the earlier and later composition of "Tasso" which we may call the

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Werther of his maturity. "Some God gave me utterance for my sorrow" (*Gab mir ein Gott zu sagen wie ich leide*). The most introspective of all minds, this of Goethe, and thus far sane and wholesome, yet if Goethe was really quite whole and cured of this morbid disease we may well desire, with Lessing, a tiny concluding chapter to point the moral, prescribe the remedy, "the more cynical the better," to prevent such false conclusions as made Goethe in after years look back on the writings of this period with much repugnance and sorrow. I cannot but regard Werther as being one of those strange self-diagnoses which we find continually occupying Goethe, when he was perfectly conscious of his own disease, but unable to find the cure, aware that his own disease was not mortal but still unable to free himself, stating in exaggerated terms the problem of his stormy youth but offering no solution. We must turn to "Tasso" to find the last chord in which the moody discords of the Werther period are harmonised. With "Tasso" began a new key, even a new and distinct kind of music. In "Werther" he coquets with suicide while feeling that with him the danger was not mortal; already, perhaps, he saw a way of escape from this passing mood, yet lingered to analyse and explain. On its purely literary side "Werther" has been called "this first emancipated German romance" (*dieser erste deutsche Original roman*).¹ It is the most complete representative of that tendency of the Sturm und Drang period which sought in sentiment material for the native German genius, and did much to found

¹ Joh. Scherr.

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that sentimental school for which Goethe afterwards felt such disgust, a school poisoned by its own extravagance.

These two last productions startled and delighted the whole of Germany, and in after years men pointed to them as the flower of Goethe's literary career. When, in later life, he partly returned to this literary youth, he again moved the world more strongly than his most serious labours had meanwhile stirred it. Why did he not, as a publisher begged him, turn out more "Götzs"—twenty more!—and prove himself to Germany what the author of "Waverley" has been to us? As we saw, he felt the poverty of German history. "All Scott's charm," he says, "rests on the glory of the three British kingdoms and the immense variety of their history: while in Germany, from the Thuringian forest to the sand-hills of Mecklenburg, there is no fruitful field for the Roman-ticist." But he also felt himself called to deeper and more serious work, called to be (as he describes Cheiron the Centaur) the man of might, the noble pedagogue (*der edle Pädagog*), "who hath instructed a hero folk unto his praise." After Götz, whose history he saved from oblivion, he had the choice, he said, only of the most miserable material. That he felt the incompleteness of his literary achievement, and the want of fixed aim and ideal, his attempts of the year succeeding "Werther" show. Among his most interesting remains are the two fragments of noble dramas—the "Eternal Jew" and "Prometheus"—sketches for "Faust," and, above all, "Mahomet"; the first a noble sketch, "Prometheus" an inspired ode of revolt against convention, justifying his fierce defiance of established literary custom,

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and in its Greek origin foreshadowing the nature of the sovereignty to come. The noble Titan rages against the tyrant Zeus :—

“I honour thee? Wherefore?
Hast thou lightened the sorrow
Of the heavy-laden?
Hast thou dried the tears
Of the broken in spirit?
Have I not been moulded to manhood
By almighty Time and eternal Fate,
Thy masters and mine?”

The struggle must be long and hard before the victory is complete. Yet when, nearly sixty years later, the last lines of “Faust” were penned, of which this year saw the first beginnings—“King of Thule” and scene with Wagner—we recognise the hand that wrote these earliest fragments. The change has begun, and the interest of Goethe’s literary life centres in the direction and result of that change.

With his entry into Weimar, in 1775, closes the first period of Goethe’s life, that of stormy emotions and feverish imagination, of the Titanic rage of the *Genie* spirit, the time of æsthetic radicalism. A young man without the training of toilsome scholarship, with no other aim than reasonable enjoyment of life, has won himself world-fame by a rugged drama and a short romance: the author of *Götz* and *Werther* has put Klopstock, Wieland, and Herder in the shade, and is proclaimed Germany’s greatest genius. His style is recognised as the classical model for German literature. A bright, attractive apparition, a German youth on

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whom Providence had showered the noblest gifts of mind and body, with power of assimilating, without effort, the richest streams of culture; smiled on by fortune, possessed of all the means of winning a high position and thereby furthering the highest interests of mankind. His beautiful person worked like a charm to attract all, to silence envy and opposition.

In 1775 an invitation from the Grand Duke, Karl August, called Goethe to Weimar, and the turning-point of his career was in sight. Hitherto we have watched his astonishing success in two departments of literature—romantic drama and sentimental romance. We have shown reason why a genius of conviction, whose ideal was the development of his whole capacity and its dedication to the service of his generation, should voluntarily resign the pursuit of either of these tempting paths and concentrate his intellectual powers for a higher flight. On his arrival certain pursuits of a practical nature imposed themselves upon him. In a year's time he was created Privy Councillor with a salary of 1,200 thalers (£180), and his multifarious duties were made to include the management of private theatricals and practical economics. Wild and random expeditions with the young duke took up much of his leisure, and much stress has been laid on the aimless frivolity of these early years of manhood. But through them all is visible the steady purpose of a mind which will test its own capacity preparatory to a deep and serious choice. The "Harzreise in Winter" echoes (1778) his mental perplexities and fears: "The path of him that is astray loses itself amid the thickets. Behind him the branches close, the

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grass rises after his tread, the wilderness encompasses him. But a god has unto every man foreordained his path. The torch of love shines on him through fords by night, on his way amid abysses and trackless deserts, smiling upon his heart with the thousand colours of morning, till torrents dash from the cliff with the melody of psalms of thanksgiving, and snow-hung crests of dread mountain summits become unto him altars of praise."

The serious composition of the period gives a complete and reasoned history of his mental development. "Wilhelm Meister," published in 1796, in consequence of Schiller's praise and criticism, was begun in 1777, during his first years at Weimar. For nineteen years its growth continued before he was induced to complete it for the press. This gradual process of composition is one of the utmost significance in judging of Goethe's literary aims. Carlyle says of his poetry that it is no separate faculty, no mental handicraft, but the voice of the whole harmonious manhood. Perfect harmonies are only struck in his poems, but if we would judge the modulations through which the discords are brought to final accord, few pages of Goethe's writings are without some clue. In his own words, if he required a true groundwork for his poetry, a sentiment or reflection, he was obliged to search his own bosom. "And so began a tendency which lasted my whole life through, to embody in a picture or poem whatever pleased or vexed me, or in any way occupied my thoughts, and to come to some conclusion about it in my own mind, in order to adjust my ideas of external things, as well as to satisfy, by this means, my own doubts." In his method of

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composition he was almost the direct antithesis of Schiller.

Goethe produced from his mind vast stores of material which he fashioned, sometimes, one may think, without much regard to form, sometimes with a minuteness and exquisite care that show how important and integral a part these sentiments and reflections are of his whole manhood. Schiller produced nothing instinctively, says Goethe ; he was the careful artist who sought in history and mythology subjects fitted for his cunning hand ; shaping them according to the excellent rules of his art into perfect examples of expression. So it comes that Echtermeyer can broadly distinguish Goethe's National Volks Poesie from Schiller's Art (Kunst) Poesie. Each page is a record of some experience or phase of his complex individuality. He himself praises the French critic, Ampère, for regarding and judging his writings not according to universal rules of art but as various products of various periods of the author's life. Goethe fixed and expressed the idea of himself as a German citizen or of the German people so far as they found echo in himself, Schiller opened to this same people great stores of new expression and sentiment. "Take certain circumstances of life," says H. Merivale, "certain qualities of mind and heart to form an imaginary person : " how would Goethe feel if he were that person ? The reader must perceive Nature as Goethe saw it. Goethe's observation is introspection. His objectivity is that of a man who separates himself, the describer, from his other self, the described ; Schiller's heroes were creatures of his fancy. Wieland says : "The I, the Ille Ego, gleams through

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everywhere. His greatness consists in the vastness and richness of his own experience." He adhered to Nature, that is, to his own nature, to himself as Nature and the mirror of Nature. "Man's action on his fellowmen" (he says in "Dichtung und Wahrheit") "is through his personality." The faculty for formulating his personality was his lifelong power, combined with the gift of extending his personality by imagination. Of a great exception to this characteristic, of the writings of the period when Goethe was feeling himself no longer representative of the German nation, when he was striving instead to direct his people's thoughts according to his thoughts, I must speak hereafter. Then Goethe and Schiller had sunk their antithesis and were joined in a noble effort to reform German literature. "Wilhelm Meister's" long inception mirrors the long process of what Carlyle calls "getting under way"—the years of conscious painful development. "Everywhere," he says, "I find that Nature and Art come into conflict only in life, and so the sum of all my endeavour came to this, to explore my inner self and the Nature around me, and thus in loving copy of her features to let Nature take her way unhindered." In life is man's character formed (*Im Leben bildet sich der Mensch*), and if by reason of the great writer's will he has resolved to describe, not a passing thought nor a brief series of events, but a life drama, we find that an ordinary man's whole lifetime is needed to mature the composition. "Meister" was finished after long years, and then under strong pressure. The first part of "Faust" was begun in 1772 and finished in 1806, a space of thirty years

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after. The whole work, the career of "Faust," occupied him during sixty years—1772–1831. It has been said of Wagner's music that it begins not, neither does it end, *it lasts!* With regard to Goethe's "Meister" or "Faust" it is as reasonable to expect in them dramatic unity as in the varied phases of a many-sided, inconsistent life: like human existence, they merge into the infinite.

In relation to "Götz" and "Werther" we have attained results almost negative. We have found out what Goethe did *not* become. Wilhelm Meister, at first destined for a merchant, longs for an actor's career; in the end he breaks loose from both. We read at first what he does not learn. Evidently Goethe wishes to describe the history of Someone's years of learning, development, apprenticeship. For what, then, is Meister educated? A rich burgher's son, whose description of his own childhood is evidently drawn from Goethe's life, goes out into the world, falls among actors, lives and acts with them during long books of drama and stage description. At last, guided by some mysterious influences, he is introduced to active practical life, and here the novel, if novel it be, breaks off. United to a type of pure and elevated womanliness, Meister's fruitless attempts to find a life-work are directed to the administration of property as a practical economist. As Voltaire's "Candide" concludes, "Well," remarked Pangloss, "but we must cultivate our garden." Starting from the individual mind and capacities of a man, the work examines the bent of his particular genius, and the influence which outside Nature and other characters

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have upon it, in order to solve the problem, how this highest form of Nature, Man, is to be brought towards perfection. "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre," says Scholl, "show us our own world, its scenery, its societies, its pleasures and business, its passions and Ideals; through it we perceive Goethe's presentation of the world-spirit of our century." "Fundamentally," says Goethe, "the whole work is merely intended to express the leading of a man, in spite of all his follies and errors, by a higher hand to a happy goal." The subject of the book is the development of the purely human (*das rein Menschliche*). When Werner, the friend of his youth, sees Meister again after these years of proof, he finds Meister's very appearance altered. "Thine eyes are deeper, thy forehead broader, thy whole being fits and hangs together." Meister has become a man, a complete, genuine man. All events and influences work upon his receptivity. "Meister advances," says Schiller, "from an empty, undefined ideal into a distinct, active life, without losing his power of idealising." As Frederick says of him, "He seemed like Saul the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom."

The beginning, written in 1777, contains many echoes of the Werther period. We must remember that in that year Goethe was only beginning to look back upon his youth. To his attachment to Lotte Buff have succeeded his schemes for reformation of the German stage and for the foundation of a national drama, in which he was aided by his friendship with Corona Schröter. So Meister, in the story, breaks away from the love of Marianne to study by experience the stage. "I really had once,"

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Goethe said to Eckermann, "an idea that it was possible to found a German drama, and that I could contribute to its foundation. But—we needed actors and we needed a public : neither existed." How deep was this desire is proved by the minuteness and fulness of the earlier part of "Wilhelm Meister." His rhapsodies on dramatic art send Marianne to sleep—a significant hint that Goethe was well aware of the criticisms that an unenlightened public would pass upon his work. The first five books out of eight are chiefly concerned with the actors, their life, Meister's dramatic attempts, criticism of Shakspeare. This is the first and most important step in Meister's education, the education which raised Goethe himself from the rank of a burgher's son who dabbled in literature to that of the oracle of Germany, from the vagueness of youth to the fulness and depth of manhood. "Werther" describes the sickly German sentiment that marred Goethe's early years, "Wilhelm Meister" follows with a description of the pedagogic cure through which the "Genie" passed during twenty long years of self-development. ' Not that it is merely a subjective picture of Goethe's own life. From his unique experience he has generalised with a master hand, and left us perhaps the most complete and striking example ever written of the method in which the great problem of youth may be solved. When the child Felix's life is saved by his own naughtiness, when he drank out of the flask while poison was in the glass, a significant phrase is used which Schiller marks as symbolical : "His wrong-doing has rescued him (*Seine Unart hat ihn gerettet*). Meister's errors and mistakes, too, are his real schoolmasters, always with the consciousness of

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the guiding powers which direct all influences on his receptivity unto the main end of his apprenticeship, the discovery of his life-work." "His whole doing and being," says Friedrich Schlegel, "consists in striving, willing, and discovering; and though we see that only long after will his manhood be formed, yet the plasticity which makes his education the business and pleasure of all, moulded by the exhortations and warnings of wise admirers, shows that after long proof, temptation, and struggle to live, his years of apprenticeship must end in success." Schiller's enthusiastic admiration was accorded, not only to the matter, which answered to their common notions, but to the form, which others have found irregular, over-minute, excursive, and so on. "A menagerie of tame cattle," Niebuhr calls it. But, as Schiller says, the central idea, that of a man's self-development, even if it occasions long suggestive periods of commonplace and petty detail, "eloquent silences," yet forms the best of unities. "A fair and shapely whole," he says, "projecting itself into the endless—art and life—never limited by æsthetic form: where form ceases then is it made one with the eternal. I would liken it to a fair island betwixt two seas." Classical students will recognise in the irrelevant chapters a striking similarity in purpose to the myths of Plato which carry the thinker over the bounds of reasoned proof, into the region of speculation. As for its artistic aspect, inner and outer unity is joined to a bright fulness of character, situation, attractive conversation, and natural description. Goethe has described and explained this burgher society so persuasively, with

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such real art, that all his forms live. The smallest fact becomes engrossing. Through the "beautiful Soul" (*schöne Seele*) and Natalie a kind of religious solemnity is shed over the most casual everyday prose. But on the forms of Mignon and the Harper rests the spell of deep poetry. They are a dreamy picture of innocent childhood and a dark form of mysterious sorrow. Mignon's Song of Longing takes us from the dull theatre life, from the merchant's room, from the weariness of the German castle, into sunny Italy. Not only is the conflict between prose and poetry decided by the poetising of prose, says Schlegel, but the whole hard modern world, with all its petty individualities and contradictory elements of social life, is victoriously carried off by the poetic feeling of the writer. Therefore let us allow "Meister" to exist as an Individuum *suo genere*, and spare alike our praise and blame, for the one it does not need and the other it does not deserve.

We have mentioned 1775, Goethe's first year in Weimar, and 1779, the year of the first version of "Iphigenie," as important epochs in his development. Lessing desired "a tiny concluding chapter" to "Werther"—*ein Schlusskapitelchen*, and "Wilhelm Meister" has shown us what to expect of the nature of a sequel. The remedy to Werther's woes is to be found in practical life; the rule of life on which Meister is to act must be Renunciation (*Entsagung*). The actual sequel to the Werther problem took the form of a play, "Torquato Tasso," founded on the life of the Italian poet. "I had Tasso's life," says Goethe, "I had my own life, and the combination of these two

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strange figures with their characteristics produced my presentation of Torquato Tasso. I can rightly say of it that it is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh." During these four years a great change had come over Goethe. He had thrown himself with zest into political life: after a few months of wild licence he had settled down into the practical administrator. If the politics of Weimar could have satisfied his ambition—the ambition, I mean, of living the highest life for which his capacities fitted him—if his literary genius had not been paramount, Goethe would certainly have resigned himself to the service of the Grand Duke in a provincial town, more château than city, where lived ten thousand poets and a few inhabitants. If the reader is tempted to read on from Meister's 'prentice years to the continuation, the *Wanderjahre*, not completed till 1830, he will find amid the confusion and wanton disconnectedness of the story one main thread, the idea of renunciation. The figures have little distinct personality, they are like dream-actors, and our dismayed imagination is even asked to converse with shadowy beings who step down from pictures and walk about with men and women whom we have been taught to consider flesh and blood. But of the sustaining motif of "the Renouncers" (*die Entsagenden*) we may say this much, that it is the lofty idea (as old as Plato's Republic) of the constraint which a man must put upon himself if he will reconcile his life purposes as an individual and as citizen of a State. "Talents are formed in quietude, characters in the stream of the world." Wilhelm's years of introspection and selfish culture are over: he must now turn his attention to the lives

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and education of others. His apprenticeship is succeeded by years of close inquiry into the performance of his fellows—a spirit which the German summarises as World-piety (*Weltfrömmigkeit*). “May you form yourself,” says the Abbe to Wilhelm, “into the most necessary link of our chain.”

What chain? Surely the great chain of humanity, whose strength depends upon the fastness of each link. Wilhelm meets people who give great pains not to be included in the company of those that renounce. Who are these? Those whose circumstances have reconciled the double aim, whose talent and character have developed in the quiet, economic duties of their community side by side, without conflict or discrepancy. For Goethe’s renunciation was the fruit of self-knowledge, not of self-mortification. He gave up the pursuit of the success which “Götz” and “Werther” marked out for him in order to heal his mental diseases in the bracing atmosphere of practical life. To use Plato’s glorious simile, he “went down into the cave.” There contact with humanity taught him to know himself. He became aware that his highest powers were literary; and though he never lost the practical, many-sided view which these years of political life had opened, he often for years at a time retired within himself, developing the mind within him for the service of mankind.

As early as March, 1780, we hear of “Tasso” in Goethe’s diary; at the end of the year he was busy on the second act; in 1781 the second act was complete, and then came an unfruitful interval of six years. In February, 1788, Goethe came to the conclusion that “Tasso”

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must be remodelled. "What exists of it is useless. I can neither end it on these lines nor throw it entirely away. Such toil hath Heaven given unto men. Yet this shall not deter me from the task of rewriting. Inclination bids me throw it into the fire, but I will abide by my purpose and complete a work that shall seem admirable." He conceived a new plot, and not till 1789 does "Tasso" appear in its final form. Three months before it was completed the first scene in which Antonio was to appear, had not yet been written. Thus was produced a drama, if only a reading-drama (*Lesedrama*), of singular perfection—a psychological picture full of the most delicate traits, suggestions, and contrasts—in structure, Grimm says, in expression, in beauty of language and rhythmical charm unsurpassable. Each verse is a thought and the language music. "It wants all the requisites of stage representation," says Lewes; "it is a series of faultless lines, but no drama." To this rather contemptuous criticism I would reply that it certainly is no drama of physical action, but represents with all the vividness of actual experience the psychical crisis of Tasso's career, the issue of his sorrow and emotions, his transformation to a new life. "The Sorrows of Tasso" are the complement to "The Sorrows of Werther." For years after Werther Goethe was patiently seeking in life, among men, in books, in Nature the answer to his own problem. Baumgartner complains that his Titan opposition was changed into artistic atheism (*künstlerischer Atheismus*). Let us see if Tasso gives us a more hopeful result.

We see Tasso first at the moment when he has completed, or thinks he has completed, his great work

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“Jerusalem Delivered” under the Mæcenasship of Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara. The two Leonoras transfer to him the wreath that they had brought for Virgil. Hardly had Tasso expressed his delight when Antonio, the statesman-councillor, wakes him rudely from his dream of fame with unfavourable comparisons with his great predecessors. Then follows a conversation with the princess, who raises his heart with praise and the certainty of her love. Then a joyful monologue. But Antonio soon provokes him again by sarcasm to draw his sword on him, and the strife is interrupted by the Duke, who condemns him to a slight arrest. Tasso insists on giving up the laurel. In the fourth act Leonora urges him to depart with her; then follows his despair that she too has forsaken him. At last come scenes of immoderate joy and groundless doubt, solved in the full, elevated assurance of his glorious calling to art. The drama concerns immediately the character and emotion of Tasso; more than a third of the lines are from his mouth, including five soliloquies. Even this slight outline shows a different Tasso to the poet of history. The historical drama of Tasso’s life lay in the struggle of his gentle, hypersensitive nature against the rigour and superstition of his time. In this struggle Tasso is overwhelmed; he sinks into insanity under the barbarity of Alphonso; his fate is as the fate of Werther. Goethe’s Tasso lives in the brightness of the Italian Renaissance at the Court of a kindly prince, as Goethe lived at Weimar, and the age of the revived Inquisition is transformed into one resembling the German age of Enlightening (*Aufklärung*). In “Tasso” we may, as usual, at once

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recognise the personality of Goethe, we may at once subordinate our interest in a historical drama to that of the subjective aspect of Goethe's own character. From the Ego he starts and to the Ego he returns. In "Tasso" Goethe describes many points of relation to the Weimar Court. He himself is the Tasso, the Antonio, the poet-nature, the ornament of the Court, as well as the wise, energetic statesman. And we may trace throughout the piece the struggle of his two natures, which actually about this time resulted in his flight from Weimar, how his delicate inspiration shrank from the matter-of-fact vigour of his political occupation, of its mortifications, often self-inflicted. We notice in the light of this opposition the course of Goethe's early Weimar days. At first he was the friend of Karl August, the poet envied and disliked. But soon he developed into the many-sided statesman, immersed deeply in onerous public duty, the first citizen of the Weimar Court, far more Antonio than Tasso. He speaks with feeling of these ten years of literary activity, when he seemed to have mistaken his sphere, to have wasted his great faculties in concerns for which lesser faculties were better suited. The Goethe Tasso of the Storm and Stress period showed little sign of activity, but at length his great genius roused itself against this fatal routine; after years of longing for Italy he broke loose and fled. But he was not to become again the great leader of *Sturm und Drang* poetry. The period of trial had borne fruit, the influence of the clear-sighted Antonio was strong within him. "Yes, thou remindest me now that the time is ripe." The author of "Werther" grows into the greatest of

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German classical writers. "Long have I felt it, that there are two men that are at enmity because from them Nature has not formed one alone." But now the two have become one; Tasso-Goethe and Antonio-Goethe are at one.

Goethe, the free, wild poet of the Storm and Stress, has taken on himself the bonds of highest artistic liberty, he has reaped from his adversary the fruits that only a friend could give, he has shown us once more how that seeming hatred may be truest friendship, that the hard experience of contrary impulses is the strongest stimulus to self-formation. With his character formed or forming itself by rough struggles in the World Stream, he retreats once more into the quietness of his own heart to make his great talent fruitful and to fulfil with clear knowledge and full experience the work which he feels to be the object of his life. At the beginning of his literary life he felt himself raised into the clearest atmosphere of poetic inspiration, perhaps prematurely, as yet unfitted for the rarer air, like his Tantalus, "Weakling, thou didst forget thou wast in Heaven : the Halls of Zeus seem to thee level earth : now art thou overwhelmed in headlong fall." At least with what seems admirable self-knowledge he returned to earth to gather strength for new flights. I think that this explains the deep, passionate longing for Italy which his letters betray and Mignon's songs express. Italy represented to him the spirit of classicism, of cultured criticism, just as Rome represented the same to Tasso. Tasso can hardly wait for the verdict of the great Roman critics on his work ; new, wider views, elevated impressions awaited him, and he felt that his

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impulse to what was highest in art would transform him from the Court poet, limited in scope and power, to the great artist and poet of Italy, his work from artless expressions of feeling into the crystallised perfection of the work of art. "The chief object of my journey," Goethe writes to Carl August in 1788, "was to heal myself from physical and moral maladies, and also to quench my keen thirst for real art. The first is partially attained, the last entirely." From beginning to end Tasso feels the force of his impulse towards art, and after the reprimand of the Duke and his strife with Antonio the difference is ever more painful between what he was and what he should be. "Whither, oh whither shall I take my way, to free me from the loathing which I feel!"—the loathing of his incomplete futile efforts. "Free will I be in thought and in my song." Free from the trammels of a courtly circle, confining his genius, cramping his aspirations, but it is Antonio, whose jealousy he shunned, whose rival he felt himself, that recalls him to his true self. "Bethink thee what thou art." The Duke advises rest and distraction, but this is not sound advice to him; whether with the duke's leave or without he must shake himself free, must address himself to a wide world of critics and not to a Mæcenas. "Then may I," he exclaims, "spin from my inmost being the rich web and wrap myself round in it like a silkworm: and a kind Heaven in the future grant that I may, as quick and lively as a butterfly, ply new wings in the new sun." His work is himself, he fashions his world in solitude and makes this world his own. The root of his emotions is the pain (*Schmerz*) that his unsatisfied longing

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gives him, and his very laurel crown hurts him, for he feels his unworthiness. These emotions which serve his art must not master his life. The artist, assisted by the statesman, Antonio, will master them. This is the whole theme of "Torquato Tasso," the antinomy of life and art, and Goethe's solution is this, that he must not make poetry into reality, but elevate reality into poetry. Antonio's sarcasms only blame the poet of Storm and Stress, who, by a violent onslaught on the emotions, will change poetry into a false and spurious reality. "Oh those tender hearts! any dodderer can work on them," he bitterly exclaims elsewhere. Antonio is not merely the expression of Goethe's own disgust at his earlier productions, but a type of the healthy antagonism to the school of that period; he is no enemy to poetry, but to this untrue, artificial tendency of poetry. A significant trait in this connection is what Kuno Fischer calls the dramatic antinomy which the character of Antonius contains. In the two first acts he speaks and acts as if he were a new acquaintance of Tasso, in the three last almost every mention refers to previous acquaintance and rivalry. This is no careless chance, but another instance of Goethe's idiosyncrasy, which we find also in "Mephistopheles," of altering his work to suit his own development. This makes him express his satisfaction at the slowness of the printers with his work. The work grew with him, and as his opposition to his own early life grew clearer it found expression in the newly-discovered character of Antonio: Antonio is no longer the jealous counsellor of the Duke who fears a rival, but the stern, high-minded friend and corrector of Tasso's own failings.

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"The chief poetic offspring of 1779," says Kuno Fischer, "was the 'Iphigenie,' and the serious bent of the author's mind which led him to discern the high and fruitful mission before him has some connection with the fundamental idea of this poem." As a drama it is German and Christian, not Greek or pagan in spirit : it resembles the Greek only in its slow movement and simplicity of action. Schiller "cannot understand how it was ever thought to resemble a Greek play, it is so astonishingly modern and un-Greek : it is purely moral." It has the highest unity, the organic unity of single purpose ; it is a dramatic poem more than a drama, unfolding in a calm succession of simple events and ideas the evolution of a redemptive purpose, the outcome of the life of a noble, delicate soul. This purpose, in its very nature, at once brings us into the sphere of Christian thought and endeavour. When a soul quite pure and sinless, which has no guilt itself, feels and sorrows for the guilt of those it loves, when it will free them from their misery and unload them of their sin, leading them to a new, purified life, then, supposing those it loves to be the sum of humanity, we have in these vicarious and redeeming sorrows the central fact of Christianity. In "Iphigenie" the saving soul is this Greek maiden with a Christian heart, and the object was the race of Tantalus with its load of inherited guilt. Iphigenie feels herself, and herself alone, called upon to clear from sin her father's house. This act of redemption Goethe called the axle of the piece (*die Achse des Stücks*), and this scene it was which particularly won the admiration of Angelica Kaufmann in Rome. "Angelica has undertaken a picture

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from my 'Iphigenie,'" writes Goethe in the *Italienische Reise*—"the return of Orestes to consciousness by the side of his sister and Pylades. She has expressed in a momentary scene what the characters successively say and therein shown her own delicacy of feeling and power of seizing what features belong properly to her own art. Thus the scene is really the axle of the piece." "Have ye already come to the underworld?" asks Orestes, thinking that his sister meets him in the shades, and this is no feverish delusion, it is the reality of the piece. The true plot of "Iphigenie" is the calling of Orestes to a new birth by virtue of the strength and purity of his sister's love. The strong love of Iphigenie has descended like a new Heracles to save Orestes from the lower powers.

The first completion of "Iphigenie" in rhythmical prose took six weeks—from February 14 to March 28, 1779. Minerva-like, it sprang from the writer's brain; in four months of the year 1786, seven and a half years later, it received its metrical form. Between its sudden birth in Weimar and its final reconstruction in Italy many minor changes were made; these form a total of five editions corresponding to contemporary changes in Goethe's inmost ideal. Before at least two of the objects of his veneration must it pass examination: Angelica Kaufmann must hear and criticise it in Rome and St. Agatha in Bologna. Of this last he says: "I have studied this picture carefully and shall read aloud my 'Iphigenie' to this ideal figure and not put into the mouth of my heroine anything that the saint should not say."

"The action is very simple and delicate," says

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Tieck ; "in the fourth act it stands quite still." Instead of action the conscience of the heroine comes forward, "and so we leave the sphere of Greek thought to pass into the phases of Christian emotion" (Gervinus). Iphigenie is a purely modern character ; she is no Greek priestess swayed by superstition, but the spirit of truth, grace, and saving love. We watch Orestes' spasms, we sympathise with Pylades' helpless friendship, but throughout we watch for the pure, stately, white figure which from the first has revealed itself to us as the guardian angel which shall calm these storms of sin and sorrow and bring ultimate peace to the afflicted mind. Long pages of noble declamation reveal to us, indeed, inward struggles and longings, depths of doubt and mists of temptation in the maiden's heart, but we watch in confidence, assured of the issue, only waiting for the operation of the redemptive grace. No goddess Artemis is the object of Iphigenie's worship, but the God of Christians, whose ways admit no turning, no compromise with evil.

Iphigenie feels herself from childhood set apart—rescued in order to be in turn the rescuer of her father's troubled house. "A useless life is but untimely death" (*Ein unnütz Leben ist ein früher Tod*) ; and this mysterious mission can only be accomplished if she preserve her own soul pure and blameless.

"Oh let me, pure in heart and pure of hand,
Depart from hence, go and redeem our house,"

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she prays Thoas. Since Tantalus's time her race endures the anger of the gods. To reconcile them to her kindred is the redeeming errand, for her own rescue has taught her that gods are very kind and listen to prayers from pure lips—"Yea, the Immortals are loving unto men." But what if the curse of Tantalus cling to her also, and oblige her to rescue a loved brother by some unworthy deed? Then were the gods indeed terrible and the ancient awful Parcæ song rings in her ears. "The Gods are very terrible unto the sons of men : their hands are immortal and have the pre-eminence : they use it as seemeth unto them fit."

"Gods of Olympus, rescue me," sings Iphigenie—

"And rescue your own likeness in my soul.
The ancient dirge still lingers in mine ears,
Sung by the Fates, who shuddered as they sang.
When Tantalus fell from his heavenly throne
They suffered with their noble friend : their hearts
Burned fierce within them, awful was their song,
And awfully it stirred my childish heart
When on our childish ears our nurse's story rang."

"Let him fear them more than all whom their power has raised ! On cliffs and clouds are thrones made ready round golden tables. But when contention arises the guests are cast down in shame and disgrace, unto the abysm of night, and hope in vain, bound in darkness, for righteous judgment. But the Gods abide on their everlasting heights, round their golden tables. They stride from mountain top to mountain

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top, and from the depths below ascends unto them the breath of quelled Titans, a light cloud of sacrifice. Averted are the eyes of heavenly benediction from whole families, and Gods will no more see in the descendant the pleading features of the friend once loved." So sang the Fates, and Tantalus, banished to the darkness beneath, hears their song, thinks of his children's children, and shakes his head.

"So sangen die Parzen: es horcht der Verbannte
In nächtlichen Höhlen, der Alte, die Lieder,
Denkt Kindern und Enkel und schüttelt das Haupt."

This is the crisis, the real plot of the play. Shall Iphigenie's prayer prevail or shall the curse of Fate? shall she trust to the kindness of Heaven or to human cunning, to her pureness of heart or to deceit? Yet how can she thus betray the promise of her life? We have no tense interest in the result; calm trustfulness (*Gelassenheit*) is the tone of the play. When Iphigenie answers that she has laid the issue in the hand of God she is only echoing the keynote of her past life. The Titan heritage of tacit rebellion against the gods (not the heaven-storming fury of the Titans, but the enduring opposition of Tantalus, Sisyphus, Ixion) has passed into the trustful dependence of this calm maiden. Not, as in Euripides, in wrath against her father, against Helena, Odysseus, and Achilles, but with a great recognition of her duty to heal the sad wounds, does she recount the history of her race. Tantalus sinned, but not without excuse; gods should

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not walk with men as equals. He was no traitor, no ignoble wretch, but one too great to serve, and for a friend of the great Thunderer too human. So, as his trespass was human, was his fate too severe.

This excusing of the sin of Tantalus brings me to the direct connection between the Greek story and the life-history of the German poet. Already a more fixed and settled mood has been attained. When Goethe read to his Bologna saint the impatient words of the earlier version, "Ah, why does not ingratitude seem to me, as to a thousand others, an easy, insignificant fault?" St. Agatha must have shaken her head, for we find the thought changed in the metrical version, and Iphigenie answers Pylades's arguments by the sure, confident lines, "I only feel I cannot gauge the right," and "Only the clear, pure heart can be at ease." This religious view of life evidently occupied Goethe's thoughts much at this time, and overflowed in some elevated verses which are contemporaneous with "Iphigenie." How difficult it was to emerge from this period of unquiet and to vindicate his poetic talent from the stress and turmoil of his earlier life we read in a conversation with Eckermann: "I fled from Weimar to Italy in order to revive my poetic power." So ended ten long years, saddened by love affairs and by his father's coldness. Few have failed to recognise the masterly simplicity of the verse, which will ever remain a model of classical style. Yet, strange as it may seem, Goethe's anxiety in rewriting the piece, to give it the shape in which it is most familiar to us, was well founded. "I am well aware," he writes from

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Naples, March, 1787, "that 'Iphigenie' is strangely fated. People were accustomed to the earlier form, they were familiar with its expressions from continual hearing and reading : now everything sounds different, and no one is grateful to me for my immense trouble. Endless trouble, I may say, for such a work is never finished, and we must call it finished when we have used our time and circumstances to the best advantage in its completion."

But why, since Goethe had Christian influences to analyse and Christian emotion to describe, did he choose this pagan vehicle? Surely among the saints of Christendom were models enough of pure, saving womanliness? Nay, St. Agatha—why does her ideal character need this Greek interpretr^{ess}? The obvious answer is the great advantage which the Greek form gave him in his desire to attain to classical diction, to create a classical model for German composition, to give to German language and literature a much-needed stimulus towards sustained regularity of expression. Beyond this "Iphigenie" needs no excuse. But I have little doubt that Goethe had personal reasons for the choice, especially when we consider his peculiar method of always individualising any subject which he undertook. When he wishes to excuse his change of life in Weimar and his withdrawal from political activity he reads his own character into the sensitive poet and the matter-of-fact statesman, the result being Torquato Tasso and Antonio, their rivalry and its issue. Now he will formulate the extinction of his Titan zeal, he will excuse his youthful excess and point out the course

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he wished his further self-development to take. Critics have been undecided as to what "Iphigenie" typified : if I wished to find any exact parallel I should be disposed to look for it in the elevating and sustaining influence of poetry, Greek poetry in particular. But considering that Goethe regarded his moral and mental regeneration as being not yet complete, as being the work of slow time and long effort, I am not careful to specify this influence. The result of the drama I rather find in this, that Goethe had reached a firm faith in higher direction, a strong conviction that the aimless tumult of his early life was passed, that, holding fast to such theories of life and progress as he could formulate, he believed that his many-sided effort would not fail of success. This religious view of life occupied his thought much at the time ; his ideal literature needed form and material. The first must be attained through study of Greek models, the last gathered from Nature, nature of men and things, nature within the poet and outside him. Just as the poet must be born again, as it were, under Greek skies, so must he go back direct to Nature for his inspiration : but Goethe does not rest content with the limited perfection of Greece ; he would pass every writer—nay, every schoolboy—through the school of Greek thought and Greek culture to enable him to view modern society with the directness that comes from this training. In other words, just as "Iphigenie" contains the Greek maiden elevated by self-sacrifice into the Christian saint, so Goethe's classicism contains the spirit and form of Greece interpreted in accordance with wider views of Nature

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and humanity, a Nature and humanity which were those of Christianity as Goethe understood Christianity.

"Iphigenie" and "Tasso" were both rewritten in Italy. With Tasso as his travelling companion, Goethe returned to Weimar "colder, less expansive, more self-important," says Chancellor von Müller, and Schiller, as yet a mere acquaintance, wrote of him, "I believe him to be an egoist." Such, in fact, he appeared; why, Tasso has told us. In labour at his art must his life now be passed. Both the noisy world and idle isolation distress him; the call to literary activity is loud within him, his future element is the world of thought, his criterion is no longer the criticism of friends and the opinion of the small Weimar circle, but of the great world of thinkers and artists—colder perhaps, more self-contained, more concerned with the problems of the world within him, which was now the image, not of a section of society but of the great commonwealth of humanity. Schlegel calls him one who sought not universal approval but the execution of his own principles without regard to opinion. His human experience had become the gravest of all problems for him. "Now I see," he says, "that no man can go through the world with lyre in hand." The great task must be resolutely faced, the task of giving Germany and Europe a literature to succeed the formless, soulless counterfeit of the Storm and Stress period—a literature which, with all the vigour of its young headstrong predecessor, should bridle itself by the laws of true art and direct its efforts to the goal of a true ideal. I have attempted to show in "Iphigenie" how

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rigorously he schooled himself in the stern self-restraint of Greek literature. The culminating point of the new life was the epoch of his friendship with Schiller, of which he writes: "The beauty of my connection with Schiller was that we found our strongest bond of union in our exertions to reach a common aim, and had no need of what is usually called friendship. It seems we must wander forth together."

"Of all possessions," he writes, "a self-sufficient heart is the choicest." Silence had become a necessity to him.

"Bid me not speak, but let me hold my peace,
For duty urges me to secrecy.
Fain would I tell thee all my inmost thought,
But Fate hath said that this is not to be.
While others seek for peace in friend's embrace
Where they may pour forth sorrow from the heart,
My lips are closed by my own fixed resolve,
And but a voice from Heaven can make them part."

Feeling that his new aspirations and feelings were not understood, he would at first work out the problems of his own mind in solitude, in isolated study and endeavour.

The main directions of his new impulses were towards science and the drama. The first led him immediately towards various fields of scientific study; the latter, after a considerable interval of tentative individual effort, to his friendship with Schiller, the most important and far-reaching influence of his literary maturity.

In the autumn of Goethe's return from Italy he first met Schiller at Rudolstadt. The first result was mis-

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understanding on both sides, and for five years they remained apart: of this first meeting Schiller wrote: "My genuinely high opinion of him is not changed, but we shall always remain far from one another." Goethe, on the other hand, looked on Schiller as part of what he had already left behind him: the author of the "Robbers," in spite of its wild fascination, represented to him exactly that phase of his own history which he so heartily detested. "That from which I have freed myself," he writes, "is the delight of the world and of my own friends; it is praised by those whose taste I thought akin to my own, but must I again return to respect and admiration of such productions?" And, indeed, the cleft between them was wide enough—Goethe was ten years Schiller's senior, and owed his younger rival the patronage of a minister and of a generous fellow-poet. This he seems to have felt, and accordingly helped Schiller to gain the history professorship in Jena which caused the poet-professor such vexation and trouble, with scarcely the compensation of relieving his money embarrassments. Throughout we wish to see greater sympathy in the successful court poet towards the struggling, neglected Schiller. But I think we must admit that here too Goethe did what seemed to be his duty, even if he did it in a somewhat perfunctory way. Lewes has at great length vindicated Goethe's personal disinterestedness, and vindicated it successfully, I think, in spite of Baumgartner's insinuations, in the eyes of reasonable men. The English biographer shows us pictures of noble charity to those in need, of delicacy in the bestowal of that charity,

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which bear eloquent testimony to the sincerity of Goethe's philanthropic views. Had this personal sympathy been lacking, we might have doubted the generosity of a man whom his contemporaries, as I have hinted, bitterly accused of literary and political indifference. This charge of quietism is a difficult question and involves his inmost convictions, his firmest and most pertinacious ideas as to the meaning and intention of life.

The six years that followed the return to Weimar brought the two continually nearer in intellectual sympathy. Schiller's mental revolution was hastened by circumstances. Hardly was his family happiness found and his position secured, when sickness came upon him which he felt to be mortal. Henceforth he wrote with Death in view : youthful vigour and rough workmanship no longer contents him : he, too, is striving after the ideal and highest goal of art.

It was no friendship in the sense of personal fascination. But Schiller, doomed to early death, had already resolved in his magnificent, almost unearthly way that he must save from the fire all that was worth preserving. And so they walked for a few years hand in hand, leaders of the great classical revival, with a common motto, "Art rests on the nature of things," Schiller finding in history successors to the great dramas of Greece, Goethe looking on the whole of Nature to illuminate each detail, and expressing himself in every key of the music of literature, in Burgher Epic, as in "Hermann und Dorothea"; in autobiography, as in "Dichtung und Wahrheit"; in epigram, as in the "Xenien"; in psycho-

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logical romance, as in "Elective Affinities"; in song continually, and lastly and chiefly, greatly daring, in the production of a drama of which the plot was the whole life-history of a man.

Goethe was recalled from the details of science, which occupied much of his thought his whole life long, and had almost monopolised his energies since the completion of "Iphigenie" in 1786, by the political conflagration of 1789. He made the campaign in 1792 with Karl August, and the experience brought vividly before him the violent contrast between real life and his own quiet ideals. His national spirit was shaken. How could he restore art to such a Germany as this? He felt the rottenness of his own nation, and probably foresaw dimly its inevitable ruin before the wild forces that the French Revolution had let loose. Was Goethe a patriot? men asked, and still ask. At any rate his pure human experience had become the gravest and most important of all problems for him. Goethe was no longer a poet first, looking upon Nature and Humanity, and then recording faithfully: he was schooling himself in the world of activity to be a man, and his interest was everything human. If the universal which he sought in all things great or small—*das Ganze im Kleinsten*—caused him to be above, or rather beside, the current of national politics, we, firstly, must remember that literature of the highest sort admits no barriers of race or language; and, secondly, that patriotism must be preceded by national spirit, a national spirit for the growth of which Goethe's literary effort was making rich preparation.

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When all was ripe the great literary friendship came as a sudden discovery. In 1794 the two met after a Jena science lecture. "We found," says Goethe, "that our directions led to one point." "Between our ideas on art and the theory of art," says Schiller, "a remarkable identity was apparent." A sudden gleam of sympathy revealed like tendencies. Six years ago such sympathy was impossible. Schiller had since developed immeasurably. The passionate striving had, by circumstances (not least among them the influence of Goethe's writings), been turned from the objects of his first loud success to the examination of his own mind and genius. Sure of his high talent, he looks no more to the applauding public, but to his own ideals and the perfecting of his own powers. Goethe's new possession was a higher manhood, a deep and thoughtful grasp of human problems.

The intercourse throughout was rather elevated than familiar: the letters never lose their literary tone—the conversations are always carried on by the formal pronouns *Sie* and *Ihnen*, even after years of close intimacy. But as a spiritual brotherhood the friendship has few parallels. The old opposition between the author of "Iphigenie" and the "Räuber" is at an end. Schiller's Ernst (his newly formed life earnestness) was what drew Goethe to him, and Schiller found in Goethe one who had long looked on Nature and Humanity with the most comprehensive vision, who sought the "necessary in Nature," who looked on Nature as a whole in order to illuminate each detail: "Wilt thou live by the whole, then must thou see the whole in each smallest part"—

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**"Willst du dich am Ganzen erquicken
So muszt du das Ganze im Kleinsten erblicken."**

Goethe had, then, for years been groping about in the details of science and the rules of plastic for the solution to the question which Schiller answers, when confronted by it, almost intuitively—how, by an ideal of the beautiful in art, to give Germany a literature. As scientist he had devoted himself to physics, botany, and osteology with varied success, but always possessed and inspired by the idea of the uniformity of natural processes and the unity of Nature revealing itself in multitudinous detail.

The second direction of his study was towards classical literature. In the Roman elegies we have perhaps the most perfect of modern imitations of classical poetry in existence. Schlegel says of them, "They enrich Latin poetry with German poems." These masterpieces of expression are the fruit of the purely literary side of Goethe's Italian experience, and in this capacity bring him to a clearer vision of the ideal of style which is to reappear as the formal side of his art. The feelings they represent are of less consequence for our purpose: the figure of Christine Vulpius to whom they are addressed ("plump, burlesque Christine Vulpius" a biographer calls her), is little more than a shadow to us. His love for her was deep and sincere, and in it his tenderness found some sort of satisfactory expression, which left free play for his highest soul-aspirations: she was in no sense the object of a soul-compelling passion. Unite these two conceptions of Nature and style, and

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we find the keystone laid of Goethe and Schiller's great work. "Art rests on the nature of things." This expresses their common tendency in art, arrived at by a process of independent thought, influenced by circumstances; and by this time each was conscious of his great discovery and of its possession by the other. "Step by step," says Schiller, "you pass from the simple organism to the man, and see thereby to penetrate into his hidden workings." This undertaking was the object of Goethe's entire mental effort, the application of his literary powers to the knowledge of Nature and of man. Only when mental activity feels itself in co-operation with the forces of all natural things can it be really vivified and raised to its highest importance. He sees in natural phenomena the rules of formal art; in this lies the relation between the elements and man, the sympathy of man with the elements. "If a work of art is what it can be and should be, then it must find itself allied to Nature." "Style in art rests on the deepest principles of knowledge, on the nature of things, so far as it is permitted for us to recognise that Nature in visible and tangible shapes." The work of art must resemble the Primal Phenomenon, Urphänomen, which Goethe thought he discovered beneath all natural appearances. This represents Goethe's theory of style. If an artist has, in course of long labour, truly applied himself to Nature, then he will from the forms of Nature that he has acquired, make a language and express thereby the inner depths of his own individual nature. The artist mind loses itself in the object and gives expression to that object with a fulness of thought and content and

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in a language which is original as expressing the union of his own genius with the object he has made his own. "Art lies hid in Nature," says Albrecht Dürer; to extract this art is the principle of Goethe's style. "The painter of flowers must have a knowledge of botany," says Goethe in the spirit of Socrates, "in order to be a surpassing artist." Goethe's art-object was man and the Nature which man reflects and embodies; hence his study was man, and man's surroundings and circumstances. In this sense we must be above Nature, we seek alike the perfecting of this form and the ennobling of lower forms. "He who wishes to do anything great, must be, like the Greeks, so highly cultivated that he will know how to raise the realities of Nature to the height of his own mind: and to realise that which in Nature either from internal weakness or external hindrance has remained an intention merely."

In like manner Schiller teaches that art is founded on the nature of man. But the completeness of manhood is only approached when we are independent of particular interests and develop and unify our universal mind-interests: just as the Athenian left special occupations to his slave and satisfied the claims of pure human cultivation, so that few subjects could be discussed in the agora in which all had not the same interest. In the beautiful is expressed what is instinct with human soul, and therefore it is the work of art which educates the soul of man. The beautiful is the expression of what is truly and actually human. When a formed complete mind resolves to communicate something to us, then the inner laws of the being of that mind will compel the

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thing communicated to be equally complete. The final criterion, according to Schiller, of all formal completeness is the inner perfection of the observing and creating mind. The contemporary world was desiring the natural in education, in poetry, on the stage and in life. The poet pair desired more ; holding that the impress of the artist's mind determines the character of his work, their concern was firstly man, as the immediate nature to their own minds, secondly the whole range of man's experience as determined by natural circumstance and environment ; thirdly man again, as the perfectibility of Nature. "If art," says Goethe, "by practise in imitation of Nature succeeds in making for itself a universal language, and by exact and thorough study of objects attains to a knowledge of the properties of things, so that at last it sees beyond the succession of appearances and can classify and represent them with knowledge produced by general and complete investigation, then style can attain its highest point, where it can be compared to the highest efforts of human mind."

In his lyrics we find the focus of Goethe's poetic genius, and he himself recognises his poetic gift by the production and success of his songs. The faculty for song struck him as something strange and mysterious. Songs sprang up of themselves without consideration, without intention, even against the poet's will ; often they came from him fully grown, like Pallas from the head of Zeus, often in torso or outline only, but with an irresistible impulse towards completion. Poetic visions sometimes came to him in the night and vanished as they came if he did not quickly seize them. Some-

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times material remained in his mind for years and decades till it suddenly crystallised into songs. Sometimes a circumstance was lost in the sand, sometimes it rose from his soul into new everlasting life as a song. The unconscious power of poetry even caused circumstances which were outside his experience and reading, outside his power of fancy, to reveal themselves to his soul. These were inspirations in the fullest sense of the word, and he could say with reason, "I did not make the songs, they made themselves." The songs had me in their power, there was a singing in me (*es sang bei mir*). He might have applied to himself literally the words of his "Sänger," "I sing as the bird sings" (*ich singe wie der Vogel singt*).

What was the secret inspiration whose mouthpiece he was—the inspiration from which came not only rhymes and rhythms but lofty imaginings which showed life clearly as through a crystal and rocked the poet in their harmonies?

Goethe often asked himself this question, but a fine delicacy which shunned the appearance of self-praise made him rather describe his poetic power than explain its origin. When he wrote the last part of his Biography, however, he felt the need to impart to others a more complete reckoning of his thoughts. Among his fragmentary indications we read of the teaching of Spinoza that the sum of existence must be grasped as a necessary and connected whole. This doctrine gave him peace and certainty, and made renunciation possible for him. Spinoza sees in the world the manifestation of God. But although all members of this body are

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necessary limbs of the Divine whole, yet they are penetrated by the Spirit of God in diverse fashion. Only the pure godlike elements are true and coherent, the less godlike are changing fleeting appearances, waves upon the era of reality. In this presentation of the universe Goethe recognised his own double nature. The pure godlike in him was the poetic, and the poetic was not always active within him; the incidental earthly element formed his everyday self, the man of business and worldly preoccupation. Therefore it was that when he looked into the world with the eye of God by his poetic power deep peace came over him, and the world lay before him clear and harmonious; when he moved in the world as an ordinary mortal he found it confused and contradictory. So renunciation was no renunciation of worldly things; as God expresses Himself in the world, so the poet finds in the world his task, his nourishment. He renounced what was fleeting appearance, he gained in return his own real self, his poet genius. The poet sees things in their clearness and unity, sees eternity in things of time, great things in small, necessity in things of chance. The single object becomes type for a thousand like objects; the poet sings in order to clear his appreciation of things. He grasps the normal world, and rises above the average mind only in his capacity for typifying what appeals to every man. Half-geniuses strain after what is strange, uncouth, abnormal, their poetry fevers instead of giving peace. Felix Mendelssohn once said that he often felt that his impressions and Goethe's at the same occurrence must have been similar, but Goethe chanced to express

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them. "Der du von dem Himmel bist." Pestalozzi once made a Swiss peasant woman and her children sing these words as an evening prayer; among the mountains peace had made her habitation.

SONGS.

"We find Goethe's self in his songs," says Schlegel, "his inmost being according to all the multiplicity of his moods and circumstances, illustrated with the clearest and most varied expression. If ever the question arises whether a nation in all the prosaic circumstances and limitations of the present day can still cherish a relic of the spirit of poetry, then it will chiefly concern us to be able to produce a sufficient cycle of such songs." But we must regard them not as single poems but a coherent whole which only needs a final unity to be really one work. This unity is supplied by Goethe's singleness of observation and by the view he took of Nature. Poets are the guardians (Bewahrer) of Nature, either the poet is Nature or he will seek her. So far as a poet seeks Nature he must express the possibility of higher states and feelings, either by describing the reality around him or by representing the higher possibility itself. In the first case satyric poems, in the second elegiac and lyric poems are produced. In this broad sense we find "Wilhelm Meister" the most complete expression of the double duty. We are continually being raised from the description of every-day life to the higher regions of lyric thought, but midway between satyric and lyric comes a great number of Goethe's most finished compositions

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which no uncertain voice has praised as the highest effort of his genius. In the ballads we find the most perfect examples of the "universal language" which, according to Goethe and Schiller, poets must learn by deep study of Nature. They are notes of Nature and compose the harmonies which unite the feelings of man and the nature outside him. So the Fisher describes the mysterious attraction of water, the power of a magical water surface in which we lose ourselves, sink and go under. When we think of the Erlkönig we see a night forest before us : mists rise from the river and wind themselves round the trees, while the pale alder thickets stretch behind. Gusts of wind moan around, dismally, drearily. In the sentence between father and son this is the whispered debate : It is the Erlking, the erlking's daughters—no, it is the wind, the dim alder arms. At the end we learn the death of the child and learn that he saw aright. A thousand forms stretch out of the nature around us, mingling with our being and destiny. From sympathy with Nature arise the conditions of human happiness and ruin, and so the poet's feeling must express this in spiritual pictures. "The world is so great," said Goethe, "and life so rich and varied that one can never want occasion for poems, but they must all be occasional poems ; that is to say, reality must give both impulse and material. A particular case becomes universal and therefore poetic when treated by a poet. All my poems are occasional, having a firm foundation in the real life which suggested them. I attach no importance to poems woven from the air." To illustrate this poetic generalisation it may not be without interest to compare the

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particular case of this Erlkönig ballad with the general expression which Goethe's poetic talent has given it. We have in the ballad as it lies before us a particular scene and occurrence, which is capable of suggesting to our mind general ideas as to the relations of man to the powers of Nature ; how that the mind of a man being partially above Nature has lost that intuition or instinct of Nature which is present in the child. How natural powers triumph over the imperfections of men, in fact Nature in her antithesis to man. The actual occurrence was related to me in some such way as this. One October evening Goethe stood at the window of an upper room in the Tannenbaum, an inn where the road from Kunitzdorf crosses the Saale Bridge to enter Jena. As he looked down the Saale valley, which in autumn is thick with fever-bringing fogs rising from the marshes among the alder thickets, he saw a woman running with a little girl in her arms. The child had been caught by the fever and the mother had run about five miles from Kunitz to get doctor's help in Jena. As she reached the Saale Bridge the child died in her arms (in ihren Armen das Kind war tot). In his ballad the poet has generalised this particular display of the destructive power of Nature. We hear of no disease, merely of the voice of a hostile power in Nature which human swiftness, strength (for note the change of sex) and love cannot resist. It is the expression provoked by a real and striking circumstance of any mysterious antagonism with Nature, with the awe of night and elements, with the cold, irresistible attraction of what is most unsympathetic in Nature.

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"You have made me a poet again," says Goethe to Schiller, for amid the wide-reaching projects of their common programme of universal culture, the highest task was assigned to poetry, not fragmentary poetry, but poetry as the expression first of perfect form, secondly of nature, that is, humanity, treated as the perfectible element in Nature. The first product of the joint effort was, naturally as it seemed to them, polemical and critical. As we have seen, the weak, vicious side of Werther had borne fruit, and Germany in 1794 was full of writers in need of guidance, who under the banner of freedom and nature were following each his own genius towards extravagance. The successors to "Götz" were few, for there was little material in Germany for historical romance. Lesser Werthers were legion and pleased the popular ear, so that men talked of Wertherism as the golden time of German letters and Goethe's and Schiller's reform as the beginning of decadence. Against such bad taste and smallness of aim and ideal the pair launched from their Parnassus height streams of satire and epigram, under the title of "Xenien," for the most part elegiac couplets aimed against particular persons and follies, half playful in form but based on serious purpose, preliminary to the purification of the national mind. "Schiller's Thierkreis" says Goethe, "I ever read with new admiration." "The good effects which the 'Xenien' had on contemporary literature are beyond calculation." "But," writes Goethe, November, 1796, "after the skirmishes with the 'Xenien' we must busy ourselves only with great and worthy works of art." As he writes, "Hermann" is nearly ready, "Wilhelm Meister" practi-

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cally finished ; under Schiller's criticism and aided by his stimulus both took their final form about this time. From its nature we can see that "Hermann" fulfils chiefly the first requisite for the complete work of art. It is a study and example of form: its very name shows "Wilhelm Meister" to be an attempt to fulfil the last condition. It is called *Lehrjahre*, years of apprenticeship, a history apparently of the hero's education. The scene of the former is a small German country town, the characters are beautiful but commonplace, the surroundings familiar and of little dignity. Hence, to find its true bearing, we must look to its formal side. The Italians had their "Divine Comedy," the English their "Paradise Lost"; in "Hermann und Dorothea" the Germans, among them Schiller, Humboldt, and some of the greatest of German critics, have found the crown of German art, the complete and perfected classical work. But it is characteristic both of the poet and of Germany that his subject is no awful prophetic tragedy, but simple everyday life. His archangel exists only on the wooden sign of the apothecary's shop. There remains, therefore, in Goethe's epic of these great ensamples only the elevation of style, the perfection of diction with which these common subjects are handled. Tenderness and simplicity, truth and pathos there are in plenty, and we have here, painted from Goethe's own heart, a scene out of the tragic engrossing poetry of life. "So is littleness brought to honour," says Rosenkranz. "Village life (*die Kleinstädterei*) usually treated by us with contempt, is by poetic magic brought to be a universal reflex of life itself." "A beautiful picture of the simple patriarchal

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life, as it is painted in some scenes of the *Odyssey*," says Baumgartner. Goethe himself says of it, "I have tried to refine in the crucible of Epic poetry what is purely human in the existence of a small German town, and at the same time to reflect in a small mirror the great changes of the world-drama." It is no special spot or circumstance that he describes, but the typical German country town, just as Gretchen in "*Faust*" is not this or that maiden, but the innocent German maid in general. Each could find in this village his own home, and without going beyond the most limited range of interest and affection Goethe makes these so interesting and affecting that the most exquisite mind feels the intense charm of the portrait. We hear a distant echo of the great European storm, which reminds us that in 1796 Moreau crossed the Rhine and refugees were fleeing through Weimar—"so that our forest highlands of Thuringia are now our best refuge from the tempest." By this storm Goethe was disturbed, but he kept aloof and found new quietness and a fresh home for his mind in this country idyll where love gives to the fugitive Dorothea a haven of peace. He thought himself fortunate to have lighted upon a rude description in a Leipzig pamphlet of the year 1732 of an idyllic story. How in Alt-Mühl a Burgher's son found difficulty in satisfying his father's wish that he should marry, till he met a maiden who was one of the Salzburg emigrants passing through Alt-Mühl. He loved her and told his father, but the latter would know more about her and called the pastor, who finds out her character and persuades the father to assent. Then the youth asks the maiden to come and be his mother's hand-

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maid. She consents, and is presented to the father, who asks her if she will be his son's wife. "Why, but you are laughing at me," returns she, "Ei, man solle mich nur nicht foppen. Your son wanted a servant not a wife." But it was explained, and she agreed that, if it was in sober earnest, then was she right well pleased, and would cherish him like the eye in her head. Here was a beautiful frame for a picture of peasant life, with its chief events, the passage of the son from youth to manhood, his love, his marriage, and his consequent fitness to take his father's place in the village community.

Friedrich Schlegel notes the importance of this literary undertaking. There was no better means, he says, of rescuing the German tongue from the carelessness into which it had sunk than an imitation of rigid forms of art. This was a necessary step in the progress of German art and speech—a step which all great literatures have taken before the maturity of rhyme and romantic poetry could be reached; a training in exactness and patient care, a resolution of the rhythmic forms of the language. Such are the chief services which 'Hermann und Dorothea' rendered in its formal side. Goethe himself says of this poem, "It is almost the only one of my larger poems which still satisfies me. I can never read it without strong interest. But I love it best in its Latin translation; there it seems to me nobler, as if it had returned to its original form." He held strongly the opinion that neither individual nor national genius could shirk the preliminary stages of literary youth. "We must not think that because the world has made such

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progress in culture and good taste that youth itself has got beyond that era of rudeness. Even if the world does improve on the whole, yet youth must always begin anew and go through the stages of culture from the beginning."

Thus was begun the execution of the programme. "We are seeking by another route what those others have failed to find." Germany has found its Homer, and after this healthy, vigorous childhood, schooled in the rules of strict form, simple yet perfect, and not without a wholesome display of the fruitfulest sentiments of youth, we may hope for a noble maturity for German literature. Goethe has voluntarily gone back on his own false start, has put himself through the training which was necessary both for German literature and for his own highest genius. If he had never written another line, "Iphigenie," "Tasso," and "Hermann und Dorothea" would have given him the rank of the great classic who had laid a firm, strong foundation for the temple of German literature.

INDIAN THOUGHT

PROFESSOR GEDDES said :—

“I have much pleasure in introducing Sister Nivedita, of Ramakrishna-Vivekenanda, who has been a student of social matters, first in Europe and now in India. In India she has found that the great problems of Indian life turn on nature and occupations and natural conditions of all kinds ; turn on the family, and largely on Indian thought, primarily on Indian religion ; and, steeped as she has been in this great world of idealism, she is peculiarly welcome to us in bringing an interpretation of the East which is still uncommon among us. We have heard vague and mysterious presentments of Indian thought, and it is something to have a reverent and sympathetic student who still keeps grip of science and the realities of the world.”

Sister Nivedita said :—

“The ideal way to follow up the introduction Mr. Geddes has kindly given me, would be, I think, to put before my hearers several points in succession, in which the conceptions at which we arrive by means of Indian thought, differ very strikingly from Western conceptions ;

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and after having in that way clearly established—on one or two definite points—striking difference, go on to talk of the great fundamental difference from which all such arise.

“For instance, one simple detail of Indian religiousness which seems to me unparelled in its poetry and in its depth, is that in that country, God, the Great God, is thought of not as a king sitting on his throne, not as a father giving bread to his children, but *as a beggar*, going from door to door at midday with a begging bowl, asking for food, broken food, and taking it !

“Another very striking little conception is expressed in one of the names of God, ‘Same-Sightedness,’ ‘Thou art Same-Sightedness.’ We hardly understand what the word means, much less the train of thought that leads up to it, when we hear it for the first time. And again, we hear in Christian ethics that we ought to love our enemies and do good to those who hate you, and in Indian ethics, in the place that that command might occupy, you hear so subtle a sentence as ‘Be the witness!’ Evidently the nexus of thought, out of which these conceptions rise is profoundly different from our own.

“If it should seem to you that there is anything in any one of these three little bits that might have a value of its own, then you will think it worth while to receive with welcome the great fact out of which it comes. And you will find it worth while to trace out the connections between the central idea and their minute details. Indian thought teems with similarly striking conceptions. They are strewn about your path,

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wherever you go, as you study ; and if you take up the question seriously as the great interest of life, you will find that the new thoughts, ideas, symbols, experiences, that it brings to you in realising the meaning of fragments like these are simply endless.

“The subject has now perhaps been treated so much in London that we all of us know, verbally at least, that the idea for which India stands is the ultimate unity of all experience. The ultimate unity of all experience ! India in fact regards man as mind, and regards all minds as one. Now to our own everyday thinking, we are not mind at all. There is no one here who will not agree with me that we are, to our own common experience, body, holding that what we know has come to us through those instruments of knowledge which we call the senses. We know one thing as sight, another as sound, or hearing, another as touch, and so on. Those who have gone very deeply into it, are probably aware that if we could only reach ultimate terms, we might find that what comes to the eye as light is only a slightly different degree of that which comes to the ear as sound. And that again is only a finer form of the thing we apprehend through another organ as touch. So even in the West, we are not unprepared to say that the ‘Many,’ as we know it through the senses, is really only the ‘One,’ as we know it with our mind.

“But the Indian thinker is not contented with a mere theoretical inference that the manifold is the One. He is not contented without the *realisation* of this oneness. And he goes again much deeper than that comprehension of external forces, of which I spoke, as a conception

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possible to Western science ; he would say even there that we had not yet reached Oneness—that we were still speaking of two, or dualism, inasmuch as we were still imagining the one who perceives and the one perceived. If the truth of the universe lies in the absolute unity of experience, there must be a point, accessible in experience, where there is none to know, none to be known, and nothing that you can call knowing. This is an idea only to be gazed at, a conception not possible to think about, to define, and yet, the Indian thinker would say, have you never reached a moment of that mergence ? Has knowledge never so seized you that you forgot self ? For to his thinking the whole struggle lies in the forgetting of self, in the merging of the ego in the thing loved or known ; in the forgetting that there was once one, who now knows. And this realisation, to be complete, must so perfectly overflow the whole being that it blots out all that knowledge which comes to us through the senses, all that we call sensation. The mind must be able to put these away from itself, must shut and lock from the inside all the doors of the senses, must find out how to poise itself in that Unity which is expressed as Sat-chit-ananda, absolute existence, absolute knowledge, absolute bliss. It is when the mind reaches this realisation that the subject of the experience attains the great act of monism, the act of absolute rest and yet activity, which is known as Samadhi, the state of realising Oneness, or makes what we must express to the Christian conception as the Beatific Vision.

“We all here know that in Protestant theology there is really no equivalent for this word Samadhi, but in

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Catholic theology the idea that is technically known as the Beatific Vision is really very like the Indian concept ; with this difference—that the Christian condition is only to be reached after we have gone through death and purgatory, and, even in heaven, is the culminating point of experience ; while in Hindoo religion, on the other hand, Samadhi must be attainable every day, every moment, and must be an actual fact of the present life, visible and evident and undeniable. You must learn what it is to be so absorbed in an idea—it does not matter what, the idea of something you love, do, or know, whatever you choose—you must learn what it is to be so absorbed in this that you neither see, nor feel, nor are in any way aware of that which is external and material.

“I shall be very glad afterwards to do anything I can to answer any questions you are prepared to put, as to whether any persons actually do reach this state, but meantime it cannot be too clearly understood that religion, until it is reached, is incomplete. In the attainment of Samadhi, then, the Hindu finds the goal of experience. But is this the end and aim of Indian thought ? If so, as compared with Western thought, it is surely inadequate, because the act of Divine communion may be good for the soul, but how are we to prove that it enables a man to do his civic duty, or makes him more efficient as a man, even though we take it for granted that he is more efficient as seer or saint ? Here we come to one of those conceptions which are the glory of the Indian people. The real aim of the Indian religion, the real purpose, the culmination of the whole discipline of

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life, lies in that state in which you can enter at will into the knowledge of unity or the knowledge of manifoldness, and become A FREE SOUL.

"I think this is very wonderful. You are not to enjoy anything. You are not to reach a reward. At once you perceive that these ideas are childish, yet how they cling to all of us! How difficult we find it to dissociate right from reward! But, says the Indian thinker, Right may result in Pain. It is not always evil that has suffering as its consequence. Evil attended by pain, and good attended by pleasure, are both, and both equally, kindergarten conceptions. We must reach FREEDOM, where we are equally remote from pain and pleasure, where we look upon both these as but examples of those finite quantitative factors in experience, which are known as 'the pairs of opposites.' Such are hope and fear, longing and memory, heat and cold, pleasure and pain. Desire is only desire; and desire is always mean, even though it be the desire for Heaven, even though it be the desire for a great social good. Desire is always less than we could attain. Humanity is capable of something more than that which seeks for a limited wealth, a limited good. So the real aim of the soul is not to be attained thus, and with the conception of the freed soul we come to the reconciliation of the disciplined soul with the universe about it. That reconciliation lies—as they say in India—in making manifest as freedom everything that is apparent to most of us as bondage. I do not know that the idea that everything about us is bondage would naturally

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suggest itself to us, but so much has India had this idea, for hundreds of years, that she wages a subtle war of life and thought, perpetually, in which the one great study is always the degree in which we receive and give freedom. The great criticism that Indian people make on Western people from the point of view of Indian institutions is always that we allow no freedom. Even in what we pray about, or to, we try to take each other by the throat and force our spiritual conceptions upon one another! I do not know whether we plead guilty to this, but I think it is true that we have a very superficial understanding of freedom.

“Now I do not propose at this point to be drawn off into a discussion of the relation of political freedom to this freedom, yet the fact remains that in India freedom is thought of much more deeply than it is with us; but it is always the ultimate freedom that is thought of—freedom from the personal, in the Impersonal. This is expressed in the antithesis between the Real and the Unreal. It is said that this Manifold is unreal; it cannot remain; it is impermanent. As we pierce deeper and deeper into the innermost truth of things all these fleeting sensations will appear as a shadow. This Without is not the truth. It is not the real. The real is the One. The Transcendent Unity, that is the Real. And so arises the great Hindoo prayer of every day—‘From the Unreal lead us to the Real! From darkness lead us unto light! From death lead us to immortality!’ And then, because there can be no distinction be-

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tween the soul and God, 'Reach us through and through ourself. And evermore protect us—Oh Thou Terrible!—from ignorance, by Thy sweet compassionate face!'

"God is addressed sometimes as 'the Sweetest of the sweet,' and again as 'the Most Terrible of the terrible.' They say in India that the dream of one who is all kindness is a childish dream, that that which manifests a kindness must also manifest a terror; that that which comes as good, must also come as evil, for these are at bottom but foolish ideas, built on the second and third and fourth degrees of our own little notions of what is pleasant or unpleasant to ourselves. We must transcend all that is thus manifold and reach to that alone which is the 'One.'

"And what is the method by which this is to be reached? The method is always, says the Indian teacher, by renunciation and by concentration. By concentration because renunciation is never of the high for the low, but always of the low for the high. Study is renunciation with a great object. Renunciation without any object is mere parsimony. There is no reason for parsimony. If the world is for enjoyment, let us enjoy. If we are not to enjoy, it is only because there is some greater end than enjoyment. It is never to be imagined that the Indian doctrine is one of ease and laziness, one of no struggle. It is a doctrine of the most intense struggle after greater and greater activity. You are never to lapse from the thing reached, but must go on from that to something very much more difficult to attain.

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This is the real doctrine of renunciation, the doctrine of an ever-increasing activity and effort, culminating in the concentration of every faculty—the blotting out of the manifold, the attainment of the One.

“And so, in opposition to the Indian prayer of which I have told you, there comes a text from the Upanishads that exactly reverses it. ‘They who see the Real in the midst of this Unreal, they who behold Life in the midst of this Death, they who know the One in all the changing manifoldness of this universe, unto them belongs eternal peace—unto none else, unto none else!’”

THE INNATE CAPACITY FOR SELF-DEVELOPMENT

My object to-night is to consider the broad principles which underlie the general question of health and our general capacity to develop ourselves. I wish to seize just the essential elements that are common to all individuals with regard to those questions, leaving aside particular problems which apply to particular persons and cases.

I am beginning by talking of the innate capacity for self-development. My point is that it is innate. It might be easily argued, and was so argued at one time, that capacity for self-development could be acquired in some way or other by training and various other differences of nurture that a person was subjected to. It was supposed you could change an artistic individual into a scientific one or a musical into a literary tendency simply by a change in cultural opportunities. But the more one studies the problems of biology the more it is seen that this view is untenable.

To every nature certain broad responses in many directions are possible, but they are not possible in all directions ; there are limitations, and I want to point out

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what these limitations are. My position is a little dogmatic, but I hope you will understand that it is largely due to the limited time at my disposal and my desire not to inflict a longer treatment of the subject on you than is necessary.

Well, then, we start with the proposition that capacity for self-development is inborn. What are the reasons for believing this? You will find very important references to this question in a book by Francis Galton.¹ He made careful studies into the subject of twins and established the point that nurture, although of value, is subordinate to nature. Incidentally he obtained from one parent a remarkably interesting fact concerned with the general health of twins. The father had taken two separate records of the growth of his twins, and those were very much alike, but it was found that, whenever one of the twins had an illness which the other did not share, the invalided twin lost somewhat in its growth and did not recover from this loss as compared with the other twin unless a subsequent illness reversed the situation. This is a most interesting point, as it suggests that illness actually permanently weakens the vitality of the organism and, if further inquiries are confirmatory, affords almost proof that we start with a certain amount of physical energy or capacity which slowly declines till death, and that every form of illness accelerates this decline.

There is a good deal of evidence to support this view. Dissipation in early maturity, over-training, physically or mentally, in childhood, leave, it is generally recognised,

¹ Francis Galton, "Inquiries into Human Faculty."

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an impaired constitution which, although fairly serviceable, is not in all probability equal to what it should have been.

Again, statistics concerned with life-insurance problems have made it certain that length of life is largely due to an hereditary cause. There would seem to be a sort of mean age round which members of a family die. Some families are short-lived, others long. So that in any given family, though most of the members die from different diseases, and the diseases are themselves often similar in character, yet their different deaths will take place perhaps round fifty, or maybe sixty, years, while other families may live to nearer seventy, and some to ninety. And although some individuals in each family may vary, still there is a proved tendency in spite of difference in occupation and environment to be short or long lived, and as it is a family condition, it must be an hereditary one.

There is strong support for these conclusions from another group of facts which have never really had the attention drawn to them that they deserved. Different organs in the body which we know are concerned with growth and development have a definite, independent sequence of development and decline in the body. As this sequence is a regular one and is related to individual development it is extremely unlikely that the age of increase and decrease in activity of these organs should not affect the length of life of the whole organism of which they are necessary parts. Thus one gland (the thymus) has a life-history in which its maximum is reached at the age of ten years in the individual. And

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there is reason to believe that other glands (thyroid for certain, pancreas and jutyary glands probably) come into activity at later stages and are all concerned with life functions, which they perform serially, one following the other. If the growth of these separate organs is fixed and their decline also, there must be a corresponding growth and decline of the whole body.

The brain is similar, from many points of view, to glandular structures, and we know that its growth is variable for different members of a race, but that for each individual there is a time when growth ceases. It develops rapidly to the ages of twenty-five years and more slowly and variably up to about forty, and it was said of Gladstone that he took a larger-sized hat until he was past seventy. That this brain growth is fixed at birth is shown by the facts that animal brains stop growing much earlier, and their skulls also become incapable of expansion ; this is true also of primitive races of men and of human idiots. If, therefore, the brain has a fixed period of development varying with different persons, the other organs are likely to be similar in this respect, so that from all points of view it is almost certain that age is largely an hereditary problem. It is an innate factor and must be considered as such.

Of course, you realise that the line I have taken is rather destructive to certain well-known theories on the subject of old age. There is a very ingenious theory which says that the cause of old age is due to the calcification of our tissues. As people get old there is an increasing deposit of lime salts in the different structures of our bodies, but it is altogether questionable if this

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is the true cause of death. The most important argument against it being that diet, however rich it may be in lime salts, does not cause very young people to age prematurely; so that it must be something in the nature of the older tissue itself to permit of this deposit taking place. Further, many old people who die do not exhibit this lime deposit to any great extent, but manifest a fatty change in its place, and some very spare, aged persons may have little or no observable defect. Such facts are conclusive against such a theory.

There is another idea very much to the fore at the present time which has been put forward by Metchnikov, that death, as we know it, is due to the absorption of toxic matters as absorbed from an assumed useless part of our digestive system. And the advice tendered is that we should be careful in eating, both as to quantity and quality of food. The advice is probably sound, but the theory it is based on is certainly questionable. If there is one fact that medical practice among old people teaches convincingly it is this—the wide variety of types that reach old age. There are individuals who reach eighty or ninety years who have been moderate in all their habits, and there are old reprobates who have been guilty of excesses in all directions. There is a person always ailing who outlives apparently stronger people and another who is proud of the fact that not a day's illness has troubled him. A theory such as Metchnikov's is, therefore, obviously incapable of meeting commonly recognised facts.

We must admit, then, that there is no known cause or explanation of death, and that we have no satisfac-

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tory position at present to take up with regard to the reason why we grow old, or why we grow feeble, except that heredity has much to do with it.

But although we have no knowledge as to what prolongs life, we have certain and unquestionable information as to what shortens it. Alcohol has certainly this undesirable power, and eating beyond one's natural hunger capacity probably also favours an early death. Dissipation generally; worry; irregularity in the methods of living—all these, as occupational statistics clearly prove, are powerful elements in shortening existence.

We have then this power. We may be—as I once heard it described—six- or eight-day or two-week clocks, and cannot make ourselves last longer without running down, but we have the capacity which a clock does not possess of putting something in the works to stop or check the movement and put these out of order. We have not the power to prolong our lives, but we have the capacity to shorten them if we choose.

Not only is the length of life largely fixed and innate, but the particular constitution has certain powers of resisting disease in some directions and is susceptible to others. This is shown by racial proclivity to disease; by evidence, now rapidly accumulating, of family diseases, particularly in reference to the nervous system; and lastly by some well-recognised associations of diseases that are not causally connected, such as phthisis and epilepsies, &c. These factors imply that our disease susceptibility is inherited like other conditions.

Finally, liking for a given occupation, or occupations, is also inborn. There is no single instance known of a

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thwarted early pronounced desire turning out successfully. I do not mean that financial success may not be obtained by parental interference with children's desires, but, as far as I know, there is no instance recorded of a man who achieved greatness by his originality who had been forced to adopt a calling that was distasteful to him. There are hundreds of examples to the contrary—of children born in uncongenial surroundings whose desires were so firmly impressed on their natures that no control of their parents could modify them, and who, in spite of all the difficulties of their early upbringing, rose to foremost positions in vocations they had insisted on following. This is, of course, confirmatory of the view that one starts out with a certain possession, an hereditary possession, of strength in one's character, and should develop it to the best of one's ability and not weaken it by disregarding its appeal.

In an interesting old book which came into my possession during last year ("The London Tradesman," by R. Campbell, 1747) the writer, at a time prior to all sound modern knowledge of heredity, arrived at nearly the same conclusion from his own extensive experience. He proved that an occupation for which a person was naturally unfitted gave no personal satisfaction, and frequently led not only to financial but also to moral disaster. And he advises parents to obtain the best knowledge possible of their children's natural powers and then to be governed in their selection of occupations for them by this knowledge alone, and to let neither false notions or pride or social position modify their decisions.

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It would seem, then, that we must assume that talent is inborn. I do not say that we have not an immense capacity to make use of environment, and nobody feels more strongly on this point than I do. Environment brings out good or bad combinations of character according as the surroundings are beneficial or harmful, but, at the same time, we are bound to recognise that environment is not the dominating force on the individual as far as the individual's character is concerned; it can dwarf capacity or favour it, but it cannot make it. We are born men or women; no one can deny that fact. We are born effeminate men or masculine men, masculine women or feminine women, and we cannot make ourselves different from this if we would; if men we cannot be women, if women men. Nor if we are manly men like Cromwell can we be womanly men like the poet Shelley, or if womanly women like Charlotte Brontë convert ourselves into manly women like George Eliot. This sex capacity is born in us, and although we can make certain modifications by repressing certain elements in our natures and stimulating others, we cannot alter the general scheme of our beings.

When a woman tries to make herself mannish, what happens? She does not excel in things that men do excel in, she only weakly imitates and loses her natural individuality which man cannot attain to.

Woman's proportions, for instance, are not fitted for either violent or extensive movements. Running to a girl is natural and graceful, to a woman it is neither natural nor graceful because her figure has developed. Her shorter limbs and longer body fit her for short, quick,

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easy walking steps rather than for long, running ones. Tennis is for this reason preferable to hockey. Her mental powers are not less distinctive.

We have, therefore, sex which is inborn. You can cultivate sex along its own lines, you cannot successfully cultivate against it.

As to other qualities. It is a well-known fact that there are some men who cannot greatly increase their muscular powers and others that do so with ease. This difference, as it is found in all classes of society, must be hereditary. Some people again have a physical aptitude for drawing, for painting or for playing, but they lack the desire or the incentive to effort. Every teacher has met many examples of such, and sometimes the desire of the mind is there without the technical ability. Every one has heard, for instance, of persons with good voices who do not wish to sing, and of musical people who have no voice capable of training. What are called unbusiness-like people remain so in spite of training. Facts such as these are conclusive that mental and physical capacity is largely an endowment given to us by our parents.

So that if age is inborn, if predisposition to disease is inborn, if talent is inborn, one reaches a conclusion, which is this—the foolishness of revolting against our own natures.

It is a saying of unobservant people that you can make a complete personality of anybody. What such people mean by complete I have never been able to determine, but if there is anything logical at all in the statement, it must signify that they believe that nature has made a mistake in giving diversity of form and capacity to

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beings, and that a monotonous uniformity is preferable. I do not think such a position merits serious consideration.

A similar criticism may be advanced against the many different physical and mental culture schools.

There is first the foolish idea of training woman's muscles to excess. If it were possible to do this healthily what is the value of it? But, as every medical man knows, to train all men, and worse still women, up to a high average is fraught with all kinds of dangerous possibilities, and the effort is founded on the profoundest ignorance of the physiology of the human body. Our muscular system has a power of responding to its calls which is remarkable. In disease or failure of the heart-valves, for instance, the heart muscular tissue can double, sometimes treble its power. But the point is this, and it is well worth bearing in mind—that it is only a compensatory power, and of use only when applied to a broken-down valve, and not otherwise. The valves themselves have no capacity to grow, so in a normal heart if the muscle power increases it becomes disproportionately strong for the normal valves. And precisely the same is true of the blood-vessels. Again, if a man makes the muscles of his arms longer, and he can in most cases do this easily, it is impossible to strengthen his bones, which support these muscles, at the same time, hence the bones will be too weak and likely to be broken by the muscular effort put forth. Could all this be overcome there are still other difficulties. Big muscles mean increased heart force, increased heart force means at any rate at times increased blood pressure, and increased blood pressure

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may favour kidney disease and brain disorders such as melancholia. To keep big muscles in health much continuous exercise is needed, and precisely as the difficulty of this is increased by sedentary occupation or by onset of acute or chronic disease will the result to health be prejudicial.

Out-of-door games, which are liked and therefore practised, or disliked and not practised, according to the natural temperament of the individual, are probably more scientific as amusement and methods of physical training, than any of the "systems" that advertise themselves so largely at the present day.

One thing is certain : muscular development is desirable only in those whose natural capacity permits of it, and then it should be never carried to extremes.

Do not be persuaded, therefore, to practice jiu-jitsu or even calisthenic exercises for your health's sake, as walking or cycling or playing tennis in the open air is far better.

Our organs of digestion have an immense power of accommodation for food, but food so accommodated is never entirely digested. With practice it is possible to digest double or treble the amount without such practice, but food so digested is never to a like extent assimilated unless the general needs of the body have been doubled or trebled also. And the difficulty is this—that the amount of food absorbed or digested which is not assimilated, circulates in the blood as a waste product, and has to be eliminated or removed by the excretory organs which have thus such a strain put upon them that kidney and arterial disease is often produced.

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These facts, which could be multiplied, will bring home to you what I want you clearly to understand. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the question of diet, the problem of exercise, or anything you like to mention to do with your nature, is primarily a question of your particular individuality. If you are going to do anything you must start with the question of your own distinctive powers and work forward from this point. The moment you try to generalise and say, "I will do the same as Mr. Brown or Mr. Smith, and anybody else," you start on a path that will lead you to mental or physical disaster or both.

You have to find out what kind of exercises, mental and physical, are suitable for you ; what kind of foods and what quantity of them give you the greatest energy and the most satisfactory feeling of well-being. It is not a question of this system or that ; of vegetarianism or any other ism. You have certain distinctive physical and mental features that are unique in your character but which nevertheless make you more or less like other people of similar or dissimilar natures, and your habits of life must be regulated according to these likenesses and unlikenesses, and by these alone.

I hope I have said enough to discredit faddists. Until such people take their subjects more sanely and seriously the world has little or no use for them. Such people and the unscrupulous patent medicine and food vendors are simply evils to the community. We want trained men and women to study these questions, and it is to be hoped that in time such persons will be forthcoming, who will put forward their conclusions in such a way

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that the general public will understand them. Though what is to be done with people who will try "hair restorers" from bald-headed barbers and chemists, and foods sold for a few pence that profess to contain many shillings' worth of nourishing material in them, it is a little difficult to say. A training in logic might be a useful preliminary to a popular course in scientific hygiene.

The first problem of life is therefore the estimation of self-power and the second is its development.

If systems of development are to be condemned, what is to be put in their place? What is going to develop individuals along healthy lines? The means are so various that it is remarkable they are so little valued. We have two life-aims and only two; is it not worth while asking if these, adequately understood and interpreted, are not sufficient to meet all human needs. Vocation and marriage: these are capable, I maintain, of developing and increasing mental and physical power and fostering natural development.

There has been much said on the subject of vocation that wants sweeping away. The idea I want you to realise is this—that to have a vocation, even if you make money by it, as every one who is not economically independent must, is to possess an objective in life which keeps you in touch with your fellow-men and women and broadens and deepens the sources of inspiration drawn from the universe in which you exist, while to have a monetary occupation and to serve it for monetary ends, degrades and narrows unspeakably, however it is pursued. That while a vocation is necessary to every

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sane man and woman's self-development, an occupation as something to while away the time by, or pursued as a means of obtaining so much money and for nothing else, is about the most worthless means of employment, after absolute lounging or loafing through the day, conceivable. It is entirely a matter of mental perspective; exactly the same action done for a worthy or an unworthy motive is itself worthy or unworthy, enlarging or cramping; and it is looking at work in the higher spirit as something fundamentally connected with your own self-realisation that constitutes the difference between a vocation or a calling—something you are fitted for and a mere occupation. But the subject is a long one, and I cannot pursue it further at present. I only want to consider the difference vocation and occupation effect in the man as they effect married life and the woman.

Imagine a man about to marry who has an occupation which he had precisely estimated as bringing him in so many pounds, shillings, and pence. After a very few years, often after a few months, the man has lost all interest in his work, and when he comes home to his wife he can tell her nothing of the world outside except that he has made fifty pounds on the Stock Exchange, two pounds in his shop, or if a labourer earned two or three shillings overtime. And this dull, sordid creature is the one a woman is expected to share companionship with and from whom she is supposed to draw, after her marriage, the larger part of her knowledge of the world outside the home. Half, or more than half of the problems that relate to marriage are really primarily due to this one evil—that a man does not choose his vocation,

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does not expand and enlarge his powers by studying it, but accepts what he is told to—any work that will “occupy” him and give him or sell him gold.

Contrast this talk of bank shares, or of social intrigues for advancement, or whatever other outlook this money-making spirit engenders, with the lowest vocation it is conceivable to imagine—that of a simple navvy, a man literally of service only on account of his physical strength. When you come to look at his life, you see two things. The higher type of navvy pays a great deal of attention to the care of his physique, and he has a real pleasure in muscular exercise and in the development of his power. In this spirit his wife shares. Not one of the highest powers of development, it is true, but it is undoubtedly one that interests, and the study of physical health is superior in its intellectual possibilities to anything that a mere “business” can call forth. But to carry this idea a stage further—if he really studies the question of what exercises should be done by hand and how those ought to be done, as compared with what ought to be done by machine labour, *something which is directly relevant to his own subject*, he has opened a prospect that can occupy any individual or group of individuals for the rest of his life or their lives. So if you take the lowest vocation you can get much out of it, and, if your natural desires are navvy-like, more than from any other source, and infinitely more than from the highest occupation if there is any mental classification of such employments. The wife of the vocational navvy will never feel her husband dull, the wife of the occupied medical man, scholar, bank manager, green-

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grocer, or what you will, will soon feel surprise when he is not dull.

It is needless to go into other instances. Every aspect of life has a fine prospect if we will only use our eyes and look for it. I remember Professor Geddes making a remark on this question. He said we should look upon Darwin as a master gardener. That is the spirit in which a true vocation is approached. In the lowest position a man can look towards the peaks of what concerns him. If he once does this, I do not care what his employment is, he can make of it something interesting and noble—something worthy that his wife may share.

Now I would like to take the other side—the woman's position. There is a tendency at the present day to look on the subject of marriage as if it were quite a subordinate one. We hear of breaking the marriage tie ; of making divorce much easier, and about all sorts of agreements as substitutes for marriage put forward by people who know very little of sociology and nothing whatever of life.

Marriage may have commenced as a form of slavery for the woman ; I think myself it probably did. It persisted because it was good for the child, and because it brought man and woman together in higher sex comradeship ; and it will persist in the future because every higher sentiment connected with parentage and individuality and everything that makes a man or a woman feel that they have a place and a part in the universe, starts directly or indirectly from the monogamic home. If you look at marriage from this aspect

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as a life association of one man and one woman, it cannot be entered upon lightly, and the growing desire of women to marry only when their characters are formed so that they may marry happily is one of the most hopeful signs at present observable.

Yet I am sure that a great deal of unhappiness in life is due firstly to some women regarding children as a nuisance, as a consequence of a desire they would like to make an impossible one and not as their gift to life, and secondly, from looking at the home as if it were lower and more cramping than the world outside it.

But if one considers how the child's life commences, how it grows step by step; if one reflects on the problems bound up with development of this growing life, then it is certain that the longer the mother studies her child, and the more she thinks and acts and feels as a mother should, the more her own mind will grow richer and finer from the effort; if she will attempt to realise some of those vast possibilities, she will not only come to feel the grandeur and sanctity of parentage, but she will teach this thought to the man. But to do this she must marry for love, not for any social or monetary motive, otherwise the marriage relation will degrade. And if she and her husband each look at their own aspects of life in these ways physical excesses will be naturally controlled by the development of other interests—and childbirth be part of the whole life. A woman who thus values parentage will not only make a man respect her, but also always feel fresh interest in the new ideas which her growing life unfolds.

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Looked at rightly, then, marriage and vocation are the only true and adequate aims by which to study and direct the individual life, no culture system is large enough or sufficiently scientific in character to be put in their place.

The summary of all is—trust your nature. If you are a woman, try to develop your womanliness; if you are a man, develop your manliness, whether married or not married, take up no employment that sears or soils those qualities in you. If you are artistic, musical, or scientific, look at these gifts in exactly the same spirit. Trust yourself and develop what is within you.

Lastly there is the question of age. How far is it true that advancing age weakens and disorganises the personality? The more I have examined this question, the more I have come to feel the falsity of this popular belief.

Let us look at the facts. We have seen in the instance of the twins, in insurance statistics, and in facts about the growth and decline of the different organs of the body that there seems to be an hereditary maximum to the length of life in each individual which cannot be exceeded. We start with a certain reserve of energy, with a certain potential power. If we use it carefully it will be of value to us all our lives; if we squander it we shall not only shorten our existences, but weaken our personalities by destroying or interfering with the sequences which naturally follow each other with advancing age. At the present time personal growth is almost always looked

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at from a narrow and temporary point of view. The baby is only thought of when it is born, or just before birth. The child is sent to school without any special desire in teacher or parent to study its tendencies for its future life-calling. As an adolescent, unprepared by any vocational knowledge, and not being acquainted in any healthy way with the seriousness of marriage mentally and physically, the first post that is lucrative is seized upon and the whole life-course fixed almost by accident, and the marriage aim is often very little higher than the vocational one. Thus the rest of existence is a monotonous sloping downward of capacity and interest towards a senile final period that is a wearisome prolongation of habits and memories that have long since lost their significance.

But if you look at the possibilities of personal life, the aspect is quite different and much more hopeful. The different periods of human existence can be grouped under four main divisions. Firstly, there is the *formative period*, beginning prenatally and ending as childhood passes into the adolescent period. An immense amount of energy is required and is provided. Secondly, there is the *creative period* of youth lasting to about the twenty-third to twenty-sixth year. During this time decisions on marriage and vocation will probably have been made and the final path of the individual will have been decided upon. An immense strain on the organism, though less than in the formative period, is again supplied, but nevertheless with a diminished quantity of energy. When both of these periods are passed, another,

